

New Thought.

"By thine own soul's law learn to live,
And if men thwart thee, take no heed,
And if men hate thee, have no care,
Sing thou thy song and do thy deed,
Hope thou thy hope and pray thy prayer."

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Chips From the Old Block.

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

Be careful what kind of thought-seeds you plant!

If you plant oats, oats will come up; if wheat, you know that wheat will be the crop. If you plant potatoes, you do not expect to grow turnips.

And this is true of the world of thought as well as of the world of matter—but you overlook this fact.

If you plant seeds of failure and "bad luck," you may be sure that your crop will resemble the seeds planted by you. And if you plant good, healthy seed-thoughts of success and "good luck," and keep them well watered by expectancy and hope, you will know in advance just what kind of crop you may expect.

We are all farmers in the great farm of Life. The thoughts we hold are the seeds that will manifest in crops a little later in the season. Actions are the crop grown from the thought-seeds, and the crop always corresponds with the seed planted.

So be careful what kind of seed you plant—for as is your seed, so will be your crop. You are the sower, and you must be the reaper, also. "As ye sow so shall ye reap," is a great truth.

So, be careful to plant the right kind of seed!

and strength to those with whom they come in contact, while others are almost devoid of this quality, and others still seem to "draw" upon those around them. Some married people suffer in this way, one of the couple drawing upon the vitality of the other. A little observation and thought will convince anyone that there is such a thing as "vital force" or "magnetism" about people. The question is, "What is this force?"

In order to answer this last question, it may be well to consider the Yogi teachers—those who have investigated this thing for centuries. We find that they teach the existence of what they call "Prana," which, used in this connection, is equivalent to "vital force." They claim that Prana is all-pervading, and corresponds to what our Western scientists call Force, or Energy, which is held to be present everywhere in nature. The Yogis teach that a man may absorb Prana in different ways, principally through breathing, and that the one who understands the subject may project this Prana by an effort of the mind, or will, and thus produce many results sometimes almost miraculous. They teach that, in healing, the healer (even though unconscious of the real theory of Prana) projects a certain amount of this Prana, Vital Force or "magnetism" into the body of the patient, by the strong desire of his mind that the patient be relieved. The Prana passes from the nerve centers (notably the Solar Plexus) over the nerves of the arm, hands and fingers, and, making the leap between the two bodies, enters into the nervous system of the patient and is absorbed by his nervous system, and new life and energy result, the depleted supply of Prana of the patient being replenished by that received from the healer. When the Prana is directed to the affected part the latter is stimulated and strengthened. Of course, such relief is only temporary, and no permanent cure is effected until the patient's mind takes up the work and carries it on. But many a patient is undoubtedly carried over a critical stage by this outside help, and is given an opportunity of gathering together his energy to fight off the abnormal diseased condition.

I have seen many wonderful cases of the use of Prana, in my own experience, but what is the use of relating them? They are truth only to myself and the others concerned, and each person must demonstrate the matter for himself, before he is convinced. To my mind there is nothing more wonderful in this transferring of Prana, or vital energy, from one person to another, than there is in the influencing of one piece of electrical apparatus by a current not in direct contact—by induction, I mean. If I wish to move my finger I send a current of nerve force from my nervous system by an effort of my mind or will. The current travels along the nerves until the muscle operating the finger is reached, when the muscle contracts. When I wish the finger to move in another direction I send a current to another muscle.

What is this current, and how does it contract the muscle? The muscle may be likewise contracted by a current of electricity from a battery, and it is the supposition of scientists that the two operations are almost identical. Granting the existence of such a force in the body of man, why cannot we suppose that, like electricity, it may influence other nervous systems within its "field of induction." Those who have experimented know that it *does*, and I mention the argument only to attract the attention of those who have not investigated. I am satisfied that the Yogi theory of Prana gives one the key to the whole matter.

I believe that the majority of Mental Healers, and other healers of different kinds, no matter what their theory may be, really bring into operation this Prana, and the patient is strengthened and relieved, and is aided in the work of regaining strength. Even when no passes are made, and no contact is attempted, the mind of the healer radiates toward the patient, carrying with it a supply of Prana which is greedily absorbed by the nervous system of the patient. I have known patients to desire to "just sit in the same room" with the healer, and to manifest improvement by so doing. Is this all "merely suggestion?" I think not.

But before leaving the subject I wish to remind you that the Mind is back of it all. Without the impelling direction of the Mind, the Prana will not move toward the patient; and so, in the end, this form of healing is really Mental Healing. I wish I had time and space enough to tell you of some of the wonderful experiences I have had in this line, during my investigation of the subject, but, after all, it will be better for you to investigate for yourselves. We are merely in the kindergarten stages of Mental Healing, and the next fifty years will show wonderful advancement. Remember this, also, that Mental Healing does not depend upon the acceptance of any particular metaphysical theory by the healer or patient. It is the result of natural force, and may be used by anyone who will acquaint himself with the practice. And all these many forms of Metaphysical or "Science" healing, masquerading under different names and theories, are but different forms of the one thing. Cut loose from the foggy theories and get right to the heart of the thing. Stick to facts and let the theories blow out of the windows and chimney.

"Opporchunity knocks at ivery man's dure wanst; on some min's dure it has to hammer till it breaks the dure down, and thin it goes in and wakes him up if he's asleep, and aftherward it wurks for him as a night watchman. But ivery man and woman, too, for that matter, has a opporchunity."—*Mr. Dooley (Peter Finley Dunne).*

Solitaire.

FRANKLIN L. BERRY.

I sat in a railway car the other day and watched the man opposite relieving the weariness of the journey with game after game of Solitaire (whose other name is Patience).

You know the game? As its name implies it is played by only one person. It has many varieties, in all of which a certain few cards are selected as a foundation, and an established order being followed, the remaining cards are "built up" or "down" on this foundation to produce a certain number of piles each in a fixed order.

You hold every card in the pack when you begin, but you have to take them just as they come. You may not change their order to select what is needed for this or that pile. You are allowed to discard what you cannot use until all the other ones are played, but then you must begin again with the discards in their old order. You have "won" if each pile finally stands in the required sequence.

My fellow-traveler worked away industriously, laying a card here or a card there, counting up, counting down, and I began to watch him with interest. The first game I noticed, he was left with some useless cards in his hand and his piles uncompleted. Patiently he gathered them all up, shuffled the cards and began again, laboriously laying his foundation, then beginning to build. One by one the cards were placed, but still at the end he was unsuccessful. Nothing daunted, he shuffled the cards and began once more. Persistently he built his little piles, watching carefully to see that no mistakes were made in adding or subtracting, that he did not overlook an opportunity to build, that he did not discard when there was a place to use the card, and at last he gazed complacently at eight completed piles. The game was won!

Over and over again I watched this process. Defeat never discouraged him. He only shuffled the cards and began again. He knew it *could* "come out right," for he held every card in the pack. Once his piles were almost made and I was watching with some interest to see if the last few cards he held would win the game, when a careless porter jarred the table and every pile was in ruins. For a moment he showed annoyance, but soon the cards were gathered up, re-shuffled, and with no thought for his lost labor he was beginning again.

There's another game we call Life (whose other name is also Patience), which is played in much the same way. We each have our pack of cards and with our minds full of the various little piles we would like to construct, we begin to lay their foundations and to build upon these. Perhaps our attention wanders and we build a wrong card without noticing. Perhaps we're a little slow at adding and we make mistakes, saying the two of clubs and the four of spades make seven instead

of six. If we go on with that error in our pile, the game will never come right. Perhaps we're in a great hurry and we play the cards so rapidly that some time two may fall together and for very lack of that extra card the game be lost. Perhaps we build slowly and painstakingly and somebody else comes along and jars down our piles just as we wait to crown our labors with victory.

It's all the same. The rules of the game are clear and it *can* come out right. Study them over again!

1. You've got to play the game by yourself. You can't depend on a partner's hand.

2. You can't build until you *lay your foundation*.

3. You have to take the cards as they come. Sometimes you may have to discard a dozen cards before you get down to the one you are waiting for. But remember it takes the discards to fill out the piles. *Everything counts for something in the game.*

4. *Concentration wins.* You need to keep your eyes on your task.

5. Prove your addition. If you make one error in your pile, all that is built on that is error also. And you'll lose the game.

6. Too great haste defeats its purpose. Take time always to count your cards, and be sure you're not playing two where only one is needed, for that also loses the game. In other words, don't burn the candle at both ends.

Whatever happens, there's always one thing to do. SHUFFLE THE CARDS AND BEGIN AGAIN. The game's NEVER lost. Remember that! The cards may seem jumbled, they come in the wrong combinations, they won't build as you want them to. What then? Shuffle again!

The game CAN come out right, for never forget that YOU HOLD EVERY CARD IN THE PACK.

The Other Cheek.

BY LOUISE RADFORD WELLS.

How we fare fighting through the press
With arm uplifted—yea, with blow for blow;
With jostling progress and with swift redress
For every touch that chafes us as we go!

I wonder should we drain the zest
For conflict from our hearts, and walking slow
Bare fearlessly the other cheek when one was pressed,
Might not a kiss fall where we feared a blow?

Unfoldment of Our Goal.

BY IDA GATLING PENTECOST.



Bestride the Bird of Life, and soar to the secret places of wisdom. Truth never runs from us, but we fail to run towards it. Seeking to understand should be our constant attitude, and if we realized the meaning of our sojourn on this earth, how joyous would be the search!

Those who commit suicide have lost their spiritual balance. Those who do not listen to the "still small voice" have never come to life. Mere intellect, with its myriad workings, and all the so-called sense pleasures, are delusions. Intellect is the slayer of the Real! It is Love that finds the path that leads to the Real. Heads retard. Hearts promote. Yet in this century brains are worshiped and over-developed at the expense of the affections. What brain awards is transitory, evanescent and perishable, while those who have and know Love are possessed of what is God-like and eternal.

Euclid and kindness are different. The knowledge of science and the practice of charity are different. This world has studied everything but Love. Electricity and radium are here. Chemists' wonders are in evidence, eclipses are calculated to the sound; yet Mother-love, which is the constant miracle of the hour, is the least understood of all things in the world; and frequently is even ridiculed. Architecture and landscape gardening have almost reached perfection, yet hint of the beauties of conscious character building and its study and the world nods. Who cares for character and soul-unfoldment as a study? Very few, and yet we do not acquire character or get self-unfoldment hit or miss; both must be consciously sought, attained and worked for.

However, in spite of the self-hindered man, the great on-march of the millennium is being felt because of its superior force. Sloth of soul is far more apparent than sloth of brain these days. This has been called the age of "the brutal thinker." The advancing spiritual wave will develop the tender Love! Brain says, "Love is anguish." Soul says, "Love is Life!" Brain must be satisfied to know its limitations. Love only can never end, in its boundless understanding. "All the world loves a Lover!" Surely not because of his anguish, but because of his happiness. Poor, pathetic world! It said spontaneously it loved the lover, but when it began to think and reason it pushed Love aside, as if Love were a misfortune and a sadness. Poor, blind humanity, afraid of Love!

Love with your brain and you may have pain. Love with your soul and you'll be in heaven.

The really educated want love, and have it in all its fineness and purity. The half-educated fear it, berate it, and desire none of it. Pathetic beyond speech!

Men and women ignorantly are thus robbing themselves of more abundant power, health, light and life. Where you see thieves stealing dollars you see worse ones stealing their own health and eternal bliss.

Fancy a gardener glueing the rose leaves together so they could not unfold into flowerage! No more silly and aching sight would this be to the Gardener's eye than to me is the sight of people who mock at and delay their soul-unfoldment.

If there are few who think, God knows there are fewer who feel!

Wit, when compared to love, is as cotton vitals compared to the real thing. I want my brain developed. Get yours developed, but don't forget there is something else to you, and it is the biggest something conceivable, and its discovery and use will bring you returns ten-fold greater than your gray matter.

If you don't want love to pain you, or anything else to pain you, unhang those rusty shutters on the windows of your soul and let the light rush in. Love is the highest good, spiritually understood, but your brain is impotent to make the fact clear. Your spirit has eyes to perceive less clumsy facts than the brain can handle. A match cannot illumine as does the sun. Your soul is the sun of you. Your brain is the match. Matches will light cigarettes, but the sun causes flowers to bloom.

Think well, think all that is necessary, but pass on into your latent, larger capacity, consciously include your spiritual functions in your make-up.

If you understand love, that understanding will silence pain, as virtue and purity stop the hoarse voice of ignorance.

Science is as dry as last year's biscuit, compared with the joys of the soul. Science's head is down, with an ugly frown between the eyes. Love's head is up, radiating a smile.

Brain is a mind. Soul is a magnet. Hither and yon go the unsatisfied thinkers. Peaceful and serene are the souls that know! You can collect many marvelous facts with the brain, and you collect so many that you always look weary. I dare you to stop thinking for a brief spell, dear Humanity, and let harmony rush in to the tired head of you.

Believe me, brains are terribly overrated. You bother the life out of yourself with your brain. You overuse it. At best brains are cumbersome, unsatisfactory tools. Work with them till you come into possession of the higher-priced kit called the Soul.

Walking in the sky surpasses walking in the walk of learning. (I mean, by learning, as the word is just used, gray-matter lore, and not Being attainment.)

Your goal is what? Illusion first says one thing and then another; but Truth affirms that unfoldment is your goal. Brain is the trap to ensnare, delay and delude. As winged birds are not easily caught, so spiritually enlightened men and women are not entrapped by the brain. Brain is often a bludgeon stupefying the soul, leaving one exhausted, bleeding, broken-winged; whereas, soul illumines, encourages, and carries one to peace and joyousness.

Hover over the stormy sea of thought and be tempest tossed. Enter upon the beauteous land of feeling and heart, and listen there to Love's tune—the Infinite Melody, the ballad of glory, and the symphony of restfulness. Such notes are of zephyr softness as compared with anvil blasts. The goal is a "pearl of great price." Sweet is the place of Plenty! Come, O dear ones, out of heavy looks into smiles. Let the fire of restless thinking cease to crackle. Let the lamp we call God burn in your soul, the Real Illuminator.

Forget yourself. For long has the world forgotten God!

Drift no longer in the eddies and whirlpools of controversy, but smoothly sail on the wide ocean of Understanding, which is Love, and behold! you will reach satisfaction. Your brain will never satisfy. It enslaves. Soul frees.

The love in me announces your new birth.

The morning dew is not more gentle than my love, nor more pure. The rocks and the hills are not as strong.

I could encradle the world till its long sleep is o'er, and it wakes into bliss.

The Infinite Ocean.

JAMES W. FREEMAN.

One of the most interesting objects of nature is the ocean. It encompasses the entire earth and it is so vast that a vessel may travel on its surface for days and weeks and months and scarcely an evidence be encountered of the presence of man. This ocean is divided into five parts, and each of these five parts goes to make up the great ocean. There are thousands and thousands of inlets and bays, and each inlet is a part of the vast ocean—each possesses the essential elements of the whole.

Let us turn to another field of nature.

There are in the world over 1,500,000,000 human beings. That is the census of the population of the earth. Each of these human beings

has the essential qualities entitling him to recognition in the race of man. He has the mental endowments universally recognized as a property of man. He is a member of one great brotherhood from which race, color and degree of intelligence cannot debar him. This brotherhood is indissolubly bound together by the ties of a common origin and a common destiny; for the human race came from one source, and a philosophical view teaches that every individual travels the same road and arrives at the same goal. We can compare the human being to a rivulet that starts in the mountains, far in the interior of the continent. At first it is so small and weak that it can hardly carry a leaf. In a little while, as it runs down the mountain side gathering new forces, it floats a log, and later we see upon its bosom the canoe, the boat loaded with passengers and merchandise, the barge containing hundreds of tons, and finally, as the rivulet sweeps into the ocean, a mighty river, it bears everything before it and no power of man can impede its majestic course.

So it is with man in his long journey toward the infinite ocean of wisdom, peace and blessedness to which he is journeying. Nothing can permanently retard him, nothing can prevent him from reaching the goal for which nature intended him. The journey may be accomplished in a shorter or longer time, according to the traits developed by the individual and the extent to which he comprehends and makes use of powers inherent in himself.

Throughout nature an energy is to be witnessed in constant operation. This energy may manifest as life force. It is seen in the tiniest insect and in the mightiest planet or sun of the universe. It is "one life in a continuous chain." This force is observed in the formation of the crystal; in electricity, light, heat, magnetism, gravitation; and is perceptibly felt within ourselves. We are "strong" or "weak" in proportion to the amount of the life force we manifest, and as we advance in the study of this marvelous power—the power which moves the planet in its orbit, enables the insect to fly, or paints the delicate colors of the sea shell—we may learn how to control the life force. This force is everywhere. It penetrates all things and when it withdraws from us we say, "He is dead." In truth all of the force does not withdraw; every atom is alive and there is no death in all this boundless universe—never has been and never will be. All nature thrills with life. All nature is intelligent and, viewed from the standpoint of the absolute, is striving to manifest on higher planes.

This life—this intelligence—this power—is God. It is within ourselves; we are essentially divine. We are parts of God, just as the inlet is a part of the sea. All nature is a manifestation of this boundless energy and all nature, from the least to the greatest, is indissolubly bound together. The lowliest forms of life in the depths of the ocean, the crystal, the blade of grass, the flower, the tree, the animal, the man,

are different stages in progressive development—prophecies of higher forms that exist in the illimitable space about us, invisible to the physical eye—gradations through which each of us shall pass in the journey toward the infinite.

In view of these statements, life assumes a real and a joyous meaning. We see that we have lived forever in the endless stream; now in this form, now in that; now advancing, now receding, but at the center eternally the same—eternally divine, indestructible, immortal, with no limitations except those we ourselves reared. These various bodies in which we have lived, we made ourselves, for we are creators. This brain we now have, we built ourselves and at no step in the progression was it necessary for us to be the helpless victims of circumstances. "The germ of the oak tree is in the acorn; the possibility of the man is in the atom." When we are able to comprehend the height, the breadth, the depth of our own nature—the marvelous inner powers that have accompanied us from the beginning (if there was one), and brought us along the path to where we are today—then will we know that there is no limit to the possibilities of man; for we learn that even in the ocean of infinity, he will find the means and the opportunity to progress forever.

Weeding.

LOUISE RADFORD WELLS.

Barren my garden seemed when scattered lay
The flowers uprooted which had made it gay;
But when I came again, all the bare waste
By one transcendent burst of bloom was graced.

Despoiled I mourned my life when from their place
Dear joys were torn, to leave an empty space;
But, lo! a perfect flower of bliss has sprung
Which else had died the clust'ring growths among.

Practical Mental Science.

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

Many persons are deterred from doing their best by the fact that they underrate themselves by comparison with the successful ones of life, or rather, overrate the successful ones by comparison with themselves.

One of the curious things noticed by those who are brought in contact with the people who have "arrived" is the fact that these successful people are not extraordinary after all. You meet with some great writer, and you are disappointed to find him very ordinary indeed.

He does not converse brilliantly, and, in fact, you know of a score of everyday people who seem far more brilliant than this man who dazzles you by his brightness in his books. You meet some great statesman, and he does not seem nearly so wise as lots of old fellows in your own village, who waste their wisdom upon the desert air. You meet some great captain of industry, and he does not give you the impression of the shrewdness so marked in some little bargain-driving trader in your own town. How is this, anyway? Are the reputations of these people fictitious, or what is the trouble?

The trouble is this: You have imagined these people to be made of superior metal, and are disappointed to find them made of the same stuff as yourself and those about you. But, you ask, wherein does their greatness of achievement lie? Chiefly in this: Belief in themselves and in their inherent power, and their faculty to concentrate on their work in hand, when they are working, and in their ability to prevent leaks of power when they are not working. They believe in themselves, and make every effort count. Your village wise-man spills his wisdom on every corner, and talks to a lot of fools, when if he really were wise he would save up his wisdom and place it where it would do some work. The brilliant writer does not waste his wit upon every comer; in fact, he shuts the drawer in which he contains his wit, and opens it only when he is ready to concentrate and get down to business. The captain of industry has no desire to impress you with his shrewdness and "smartness." He never did, even when he was young. While his companions were talking and boasting and "blowing," this future successful financier was "sawin' wood and sayin' nuthin'."

The great people of the world—that is, those who "arrived"—are not very different from you, or me, or the rest of us—all of us are about the same at the base. You have only to meet them to see how very "ordinary" they are, after all. But, don't forget the fact that *they* know how to use the material that is in them, while the rest of the crowd does not, and, in fact, even doubts whether the true stuff is there. The man or woman who "gets there," usually starts out by realizing that he or she is not so very different, after all, from the successful people that they hear so much about. This gives them confidence, and the result is that they find out that they are able to "do things." Then they learn to keep their mouths closed, and to avoid wasting and dissipating their energy. They store up energy, and then concentrate it upon the task at hand, while their companions are scattering their energies in every direction, and trying to show off and let people know how smart they are. The man or woman who "gets there" prefers to wait for the applause that follows deeds accomplished, and cares very little for the praise that attends promises of

what we expect to do "some day," or an exhibition of "smartness" without works.

One of the reasons that people who are thrown in with successful men often manifest success themselves is that they are able to watch the successful man and sort of "catch the trick" of his greatness. They see that he is an everyday sort of man, but that he thoroughly believes in himself, and also that he does not waste energy, but reserves all his force for the actual tasks before him. And, profiting by example, they start to work and put the lesson into practice in their own lives.

Now what is the moral of this talk? Simply this: Don't undervalue yourself, or overvalue others. Realize that you are made of good stuff, and that locked within your mind are many good things. Then get to work and unfold those good things, and make something out of that good stuff. And do this by attention to the things before you, and by giving to each the best that is in you, knowing that plenty of more good things are in you ready for the fresh tasks that will come to you. Put the best of yourself into the task on hand, and do not cheat the present task in favor of some future one. Your supply is inexhaustible. And don't waste your good stuff on the crowd of gapers, watchers and critics who are standing around watching you work. Save your good stuff for your job, and don't be in too much of a hurry for applause. Save up your good thoughts for "copy" if you are a writer; save up your bright schemes for actual practice, if you are a business man; save up your wisdom for occasion, if you are a statesman; and, in each case, avoid the desire to scatter your pearls before—well, before the gaping crowd that wants to be entertained by a "free show."

Nothing very "high" about this teaching, perhaps, but it is what many of you need very much. Stop fooling, and get down to business. Stop wasting good raw material, and start to work making something worth while.

New Thought Which is Old Thought.

"For there is nothing hid, save that it should be manifested; neither was anything made secret, but that it should come to light. If any man hath ears to hear, let him hear."

Mark IV: 22-23.

In Harmony With the Law.

(A Series of Twelve Articles on the Physical Life.)

FRANKLIN L. BERRY.

VI. INSOMNIA.

In discussing Insomnia, we consider one of the most insidious enemies of Health. The body of the average man or woman recuperates and renovates itself at night. Our supply of life-force comes from without, not from within, and it is only when the nerves and muscles of the body are entirely relaxed that Vital Energy, the great upbuilding force, has an opportunity to steal into the temple and begin its repairs. During the day, most of us go tensely about our work, by the very continuity of our diligence leaving no loophole in the barrier of resistance we offer to this recreative force. Calm, reposeful or phlegmatic people require less sleep than nervous, active persons, as they do not offer the same resistance during the day, but hospitably leave their doors ajar, as it were, to every summoning knock. This attitude of non-resistance gives Vital Energy a chance to get in some of its work during the daylight hours, and therefore less time is required at night. On the other hand the nervous man or woman is not only repelling any replenishment during the day, but is using with almost criminal lavishness the stock of vitality on hand. He needs a long night's sleep and an uninterrupted one. As the law of contraries will have it, however, it is usually he who snatches but a few broken hours of slumber and lies awake the rest of the miserable night, restless and worn.

Insomnia, the cause of so much ill-health, is itself an *effect* rather than a cause. It grows from other conditions, unhealthy or abnormal in themselves, and is but one of the voices which call to us to "come into harmony with the Law."

When you lie awake at night, it is time to ask yourself a few pointed questions and exact an honest reply.

First: Are your digestive organs in a healthy condition? Are they performing their functions *regularly* and *naturally*? For if your food lies undigested in your stomach, if you overeat or undereat, if your bowels are constipated, your sleep will neither be sound, refreshing nor beneficial. Habitual constipation—only another name for a "strike" of one servant of the body because overworked—will invariably produce either restless or broken slumber. Therefore get stomach and bowels in good condition. Read what was said in the June number of NEW THOUGHT; and in the meantime, before and after reading, and while reading, drink water, more water and more water. Take ten glasses a day, and I'll warrant you'll begin to spell constipation with a small "c"; and with a little attention to diet, as was suggested in June NEW THOUGHT, the word will soon be eliminated from your vocabulary.

If your digestive organs are in a normal condition, and are doing their work as they should, then carry your questions further.

Is your room properly ventilated? Is your circulation defective, your feet cold and your head hot? How about your bed clothing; is it heavy or compact? Is your pillow thick and bulky?

If you can give satisfactory answers to all these—and I will tell you soon what the answers should be—then consider your mental condition. Is your brain unduly active, and while your body is weary to exhaustion, does the mind insist on feverishly laboring away at unpleasant or obtrusive problems? Are you “tied up in knots”—in other words, every muscle tense and on the strain?

Be sure you cross-examine yourself thoroughly, and find out just where you are at fault. This done you are ready to consider the remedy.

First, then, let us take up the question of your sleeping room. Remember that the lungs of a man will hold ten pints of air, and that in a full breath from six pints to one gallon is taken in at one time; in repose one pint. The average man breathes eighteen times a minute during sleep, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ hogsheads per hour, *18 hogsheads in eight hours*.

Now, then, how about those hogsheads? Have you got them right at hand, or have you provided just a couple of hogsheads which will have to be used over and over all night long, becoming more unclean with each breath, clogging your lungs with impurities, disordering the functions of your body and thus rendering your sleep unhealthy or imperfect?

LOOK TO YOUR AIR SUPPLY. Set your windows and doors open. That's the first step toward restful sleep.

Hot or warm air rises to the ceiling, cool air sinks. Therefore lower your window from the top and raise it from the bottom. The used or warm air will rise to the top and float out, the cool outer air will rush in at the bottom and you will thus be provided with a continuous supply of fresh air, while the vitiated air will be carried safely away.

The body itself exudes an effete decaying animal substance in the form of vapor, and it is absolutely essential a way should be provided to rid the room of its presence; otherwise, you take into your lungs this noxious substance.

Do not sleep with the lights burning: they consume the oxygen in the air. Flowers in the room drink it up, food absorbs it. Therefore banish them from your sleeping room.

Having looked to the windows, which in summer should be raised and lowered until one sash exactly covers the other, and in winter, except in zero weather, should be raised five or six inches from the bottom and lowered five or six inches from the top, the next subject in importance to that of ventilation is the question of your own circulation.

Poor circulation is the abiding cause of most chronic cases of insomnia. Are your feet cold or your head hot, then your circulation is defective, and must be adjusted. NEVER GO TO BED WITH COLD FEET. A steam-

ing-hot footbath is an excellent thing just before retiring. It draws the blood from the head, relieves the brain and equalizes the circulation. Be sure that the water is as hot as can be borne, that it is kept so during the entire time of the footbath, and that you jump into bed the moment it is over. Warming the feet at the fire is efficacious, or in cases where either mode is impossible, brisk rubbing or chafing will produce the result.

Two excellent exercises to promote healthy circulation are given at the foot of this article. Do not take a hot footbath after exercising or exercise after taking a hot footbath. In either case go directly to bed.

Occasionally, but with less frequency, the head itself is cold. On placing the hand at the back of the neck, at the base of the brain, it will be found chilled and almost clammy. For such cases, a quart hot-water bag, filled about one-third full of *warm* water, and placed at the back of the neck, until proper circulation is induced, will help the case. Do not retain the bag after the blood begins to flow naturally.

Sleep on a thin hard pillow or with none at all. One can easily see that when lying on a thick pillow the veins in the throat are possibly obstructed by the bending of the head. In lying flat, there is nothing to check free circulation.

The body should be kept warm, but not weighed down with clothing. A woolen blanket is porous and permits the escape of the emanations from the body, while a heavy quilt is almost impervious and therefore an unhealthy covering. Have a hard mattress, linen or cotton sheets and a woolen blanket (or a couple of blankets, as the weather may require).

One of the most important things to be considered is the tension of the body. If you are, as I have suggested, "tied up in knots," you are offering the strongest kind of resistance to sleep and the first task to your hand is the one of relaxing and unloosening this tension. It is primarily the result of a mental condition and it would be the finest thing in the world for you if before going to bed you had to perform some active labor with your hands which required the co-operation of your brain as well. A brisk walk before retiring is good, since it promotes proper circulation, but unfortunately one can—and usually does—keep on actively thinking while walking, and the state of tension is in no sense relieved. If on the other hand, as an extreme example, you were hammering a horseshoe into shape on an anvil, the effect on your circulation would be as good and yet your mind would be taken off from its petty round of cares, and obliged to breathe a change of air temporarily. Therefore anything which you can do with hands or feet or body which requires some assistance from the mind, is an aid to promote sleep. Remember, *activity of body and change of mind, is what is needed.*

When you get into bed your blood should be flowing freely and naturally, your feet should be warm, head cool, and you should at once, as Reilly says: "flatten out." "You can't lay flat enough."

"spread
Out like molasses on the bed,
And just drip off the aidges."

That's the best description of what you ought to do that I've ever read. Let the bed hold you; you should sink down a dead weight, making yourself as heavy as you can. If you have great tension at the temples, curve your mouth as if smiling and you will find the knots loosening up wonderfully.

A hot body bath before retiring will tend to relax all muscles. Have the bath tub half full of *hot* water before getting in, then lie quiet, *letting the water run* the entire time you are in the tub. This keeps up a gentle motion and induces steady warmth, without fluctuation. Remain in tub from five to ten minutes, and then don't wander round your room but go directly to bed.

At the close of this article I give a relaxing exercise which can be used when other methods are for any reason impracticable.

Half of the precautions suggested will usually produce sleep, but if your insomnia is *insomnia of the mind*—that is, a condition induced by mental worry or poorly regulated mental activity, you will have to practice a little relaxation of the mind. *It must be swept clean and bare.* Keep that in mind. Say it to yourself. Concentrate on the thought. If you have tried counting sheep jumping over a wall and black cats racing along a fence, try now to fix your mind on sweeping—literal sweeping—and *sweep, sweep, sweep* mentally, over and over again, the corners of your brain, never giving yourself a moment's respite, but saying to yourself again and again: "I am sweeping my mind clean and bare"—"I am sweeping my mind clean and bare." This is really a mental exercise of value. Or try concentrating on this thought, *while relaxing the body*: "I am resting in the arms of the Infinite Father"—"I am resting in the arms of the Infinite Father."

To promote circulation: 1. Stand erect with heels together, shoulders dropped, chest elevated, and body slightly inclined forward without bending. Without altering position of the trunk or allowing the chest to sink or become inactive move the head slowly down toward the chest. Now create an artificial resistance and raise the head slowly as if pushing against this resistance, counting eight; rest, nine, ten; push the head backward, continuing the count to twenty. Bring the head forward again, counting eight; rest, nine, ten; down toward the chest, continuing count to twenty. Repeat six to ten times.

2. Assuming correct position, turn palms outward, the back of the hand touching the leg. Close the fingers. Inhale, counting seven. Without bending the elbows describe with each arm simultaneously a half-circle, hands meeting above the head. Reverse the action. Exhale, counting seven. Inhale, raise arms, describe circle, reverse action, exhale. Repeat six to ten times.

On closing each of these exercises stand erect again; then bend knees, spreading them outward and bringing the body as close to the floor as possible without bending the trunk. Resume erect position and rise on the balls of the feet rapidly, retaining the position a second or more; bend knees again, rise on balls of feet; do this six or eight times rapidly.

To induce relaxation: Prepare for bed, turn out lights and, sitting erect on the floor, look steadily at the ceiling while inhaling seven times. Then drop the eyelids slowly, next the head until it rests limply against the chest, next the back little by little, and finally, relaxing the hip-joints, allow the trunk to sway forward until it touches the lap, remembering to retain the same limp condition of head. Resume erect position, first causing action of the hips, next of the back little by little, next the head and last the eyelids, all very slowly and heavily. Repeat this for at least three minutes; then slip quietly into a cool, well-aired bed. Remember that the movements of the exercise should be even and calm.

Morning Influences.

ELIA WHEELER WILCOX.

What do you think about the very first thing in the morning?

Your thoughts during the first half-hour of the morning will greatly influence the entire day. You may not realize this, but it is nevertheless a fact.

If you set out with worry, and depression, and bitterness of soul toward fate or man, you are giving the key note to a day of discords and misfortunes.

If you think peace, hope and happiness, you are sounding a note of harmony and success.

The result may not be felt at once, but it will not fail to make itself evident eventually.

Control your morning thoughts. You can do it.

The first moment on waking, no matter what your mood, say to yourself: "I will get all the comfort and pleasure possible out of this day, and I will do something to add to the measure of the world's happiness or well-being. I will control myself when tempted to be irritable or unhappy, I will look for the bright side of every event."

Once you say these things over to yourself in a calm, earnest way, you will begin to feel more cheerful. The worries and troubles of the coming day will seem less colossal.

Then say: "I shall be given help to meet anything that comes to-day. Everything will be for the best. I shall succeed in whatever I undertake. I cannot fail."

Do not let it discourage you if the moment you leave your room you encounter a trouble or a disaster. This usually happens. When we make any boasts, spiritually or physically, we are put to the test. The occult forces about us are not unlike human beings. When a schoolboy boasts of his strength, and says he can "lick any boy in school," he generally gets a chance to prove it.

When we declare we are brave enough to overcome any fate, we find our strength put to the test at once.

But that is all right. Prove your words to be true. Regard the troubles and cares you encounter as the "punching bags" of fate, given you to develop your spiritual muscle.

Go to them with courage and keep to your morning resolve.

By and by the troubles will lessen, and you will find yourself master of Circumstances.

Affirmations for November

FRANKLIN L. BERRY

I.

Humility I seek—not distrust of my self, but reverence for the self in others.

II.

I recognize the Law and work its will.

III.

Out into the world, to wherever waits one in need, I send a wave of love, sympathy, strength and courage.

IV.

I draw to me all thoughts of good, of attainment, of harmony. They shall upbuild my life.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

Editor, WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON

FRANKLIN L. BERRY

Assistant Editors

LOUISE RADFORD WELLS

The Letter Box.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

C. B. S.—You make a savage attack upon the tendency of certain New Thought writers to exploit the “dollar-chasing” idea. You consider the idea of money-making as “entirely divorced from spirituality,” and regard the two as absolutely opposed to each other. You seem to think that I agree with you perfectly, but in this you are wrong, for while I am willing to admit much that you say, still I must express my failure to accept your entire proposition, and, on some points I differ from you very materially. Before attempting to answer you, it may be well for me to tell you frankly, that I do not consider that your position in life has fitted you to intelligently pass upon the matter, or to see the things from all its many sides. You are a woman who has been reared from childhood amid comparative wealth and plenty. Your parents surrounded you with many comforts and luxuries, and then you married a wealthy man, and have since enjoyed the things that come to people in your “class.” You have been sheltered and protected from the wants that come to many of your brothers and sisters, and money, and the things it purchases, have come to you as have the sunlight and air. I am not finding fault with your so-called good fortune, but I must mention these facts in my consideration of the matter, to explain your point of view. You never have had to earn a dollar, or to have your husband straining a point to provide you with the ordinary comforts of life. You know nothing of his business affairs, and are kept out of sight of the schemes, sharp practices and devices of modern business life. Your gowns are provided for you, and your carriage awaits your commands—all without effort on your part. And, naturally you find it quite easy to talk beautifully of the “higher life,” and of the sordidness and lack of “spirituality” in this idea of “dollar-chasing” and “success.” It is quite easy for you to lead what you call “the higher life,” and to be what you call “spiritual,” without thinking of money—for your husband does all the dollar-chasing for you, leaving you to do the “high-thinking.” You are not allowed to see the seamy side of business life, nor do you realize that the dollars that are used in order to keep up your state of “higher-life” have been actively chased after by your husband, or his employees, or, perhaps, squeezed from some people who could ill afford to lose them. I am not finding fault with you or your husband—you are both part of the present social system that renders possible, or necessary, these things, and are no more to blame than any of us, or all of us, who are part and parcel of the system—but it is well that you should be brought face to face with the real situation, and see things as they are. You must realize that you are “dollar-chasing” by proxy, just as vigorously as are the people of whom you complain. You are no better or worse than the rest of the money-makers, and are very far from being separate and apart from them. We are all bound up in the present social and economic system, and I do not see how any of us can claim to be absolved from the charge of “dollar-chasing.” Some of us are right on the field of the fight, while others are far removed from the scene, but the latter reap the benefit and are dependent upon the fight, just as are the warriors. Your position reminds me of the people who shudder at the thought of the horrors of the slaughter-pens, and who “feel sick” when someone describes the application of the knife to the throat of an innocent little lamb whose baby-like eyes look reproachfully at the assassin, and yet the good soul who “feels sick” at the thought, devours her dainty lamb-chops for lunch without a murmur. That is your position—you complain of the greed and brutality of the slaughter-pen, and yet you are very fond of lamb-chops and insist upon them being very tender and juicy. Your case reminds me of the picture in the comic papers, representing a boy who has been robbing a bird’s nest, and is confronted (nestful of birdlings in hand) by a good lady in fashionable garb. “You naughty, naughty boy,” cries the lady, “you have been robbing the dear little bird’s nest. What will the poor mamma birdie say when she finds her little ones gone?” “Don’t know, ma’am,” answered the boy, “but you might ask her—you’ve got her in your hat.”

But to get down to the question. I think that if a man gets entangled in

money-making, so that he gives his heart and soul to it—if he fails to see what dollars are for, and, instead, worships them for themselves—he is apt to have very little room left for spirituality. Such a man falls down and worships Mammon, undoubtedly. But every man who tries to make a financial success of his occupation is not such a one—far from it. Many men who are very active in “dollar-chasing,” regard the dollar just as does the plant regard the nourishment that it draws to it—as something necessary to enable it to live and grow. I think that a man is perfectly justified in drawing to himself the means for his physical and mental life, and growth, and I fail to see how he loses spirituality by being a good business man. Now, don’t mistake my meaning. I believe that our modern social and economic system is cruel, and worthy of savages, and I think that the coming ages will so regard it. I think that the evolution of the race will bring with it mighty changes, that will cause our modes of life to appear as the customs of the cannibals do to us. I believe that we are passing through a hard stage of “civilization,” that is leading us to much better conditions. When the present conditions get to hurt too much, we will insist upon better things, and get them. But all this takes time, and education. The world is getting today just what it is asking for, in its ignorance. When it is capable of higher things it will get them. Those who are living by the sword, are dying by it—those who are desirous of trampling upon their neighbors are being trampled upon by others. But the movement is ever upward.

The man of advanced “spirituality” does not run away from the movement and swirl of life as he finds it. On the contrary, he is often in the very thick of the fight. But he is not deceived by appearances, and does not mistake the shadow for the substance. He does not allow himself to become entangled, although he plays the game to the finish. He sees the need of the dollar, in order to live and grow, and he draws it to him by mental and physical effort, but all the time he regards it merely as a counter or button in the game, and attaches no real value to it. Such a man while in the midst of the fight for dollars is not of it. He is like a grown man indulging in a game with children. Or, he is as a civilized man shipwrecked and set down among savages who adopt him. He joins in the chase and the hunt, and builds himself a hut—in fact, he strives to do these things a little better than the savages around him, but, bless your heart, he sees it all for what it is, and laughs at the idea of attaching any real importance to the praise of the savage crew at his success in the hunt or in the house-building. He does these things in order to live, and be comparatively comfortable, and all the while he thinks his own thoughts.

To pursue dollars for their own sake, or to become entangled in the meshes of dollar worship, is unworthy of the spiritual man, and it is hard to see how he could do so, for he knows so much better. But I fail to see why it is unworthy of him to endeavor to take his part in the world’s work to the best of his ability, and to attract to himself that which is necessary to his life and comfort and growth. I do not see how this is more unworthy than to accept money from others, particularly when we remember that someone has had to “make” this money that those who scorn to work for it are using in living. If there were any way of getting out of it—well, that would be another story; but who is able to get out of it at this stage of the race-history. We must either chase dollars directly and personally, or else indirectly or by proxy—I fail to see the moral difference. The woman who eats the dainty lamb-chops is as much a party to the slaughter as is the man who draws the knife, in fact the man does the killing in obedience to the woman’s orders, and her money pays for the work. And the woman who is living the “higher life” is as much a dollar-chaser as is her husband, or his employees, who are in the thick of the fight making money to buy her gowns, hats and carriage—yea, even the books which tell her about the “life-beautiful and spiritual.” No, no, sister, I am not finding fault with your money, or gowns, or hats, or carriages, for you have drawn them to you, undoubtedly, and you are entitled to them under the rules of the game, but do not make the mistake of looking on the “money-grabber,” or “dollar-chaser,” as things apart and separate from you. We are all tarred with the same stick—we are brothers and sisters—we are all in the same boat. The Lord help us all!

Stepping Stones.

Department of the I CAN AND I WILL Circle.

EDITED BY LOUISE RADFORD WELLS.

"I hold it truth with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

F. E. M.—I admire more than I can say the spirit of your letter. You have learned a lesson of self-subordination that it takes many of us a lifetime to master. Your problem is a difficult one, since it deals with an old habit revived—or at best an old tendency—whose hold you see slowly re-fastening itself upon the man you love.

You say in part: "I try to remember 'I cannot live his life.' 'I must mind my own business.' Am I to try to think if he needs the experience again I must not bother over it? Shall I go on doing for him and try to keep the same tender feelings? Is there a way to so influence his mind and thoughts that he will of his own self leave the liquor alone? Can you and will you help me by letter or through the magazine? Must I first reach the point where I do not worry? At any rate, I am so disturbed (I know I should not be, but that is why I appeal to you) that I cannot see clearly. I must have help. Tell me what to do. I shall listen and shall try my best to do what seems best."

This is a case in which it seems to me "Mind your own business" does not mean "hands off." Your life and his life are interwoven so closely that what injures him injures you—in even a selfish sense therefore his life is your business. Self-preservation alone would give you the right to seek to avert from yourself this unhappiness. I should look the situation over with a keen eye, as MY business which *needed* minding, and start my campaign on Grant's famous principle: "We'll fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

Argument will do little good—embittered argument least of all. You say "he is an honest, good, noble soul." You love him. He loves you. There is the foundation upon which you must build your breastworks of attack. You are much better off than many women, who have to fight this fight without that certainty. Without doubt your husband has a diseased craving for his old enemy. Try to remember that it is not his normal taste nor a mere matter of desire or will, but as much a disease as any other weakness we call by that name. This will help you to retain respect for him even when he yields to temptation. And this respect you *must* retain if you are to be successful in your desire. Most certainly should you "try to keep the same tender feelings for him." If in the delirium of typhoid fever, for instance, (a disease the direct result of man's violation of "the law,") he committed any act of weakness, cruelty or selfishness, your love for him would only well up in deeper volume, and you would protect, comfort and pity him, averting from him so far as possible any harmful consequences of his act. His tendency is as much a disease. His old habit created in him abnormal conditions. He has not yet outlived or outgrown them, and it is they which call unceasingly for indulgence. You can't reason very clearly with a patient in delirium. You don't try. On the other hand, you seek to distract his attention, place it on new objects, and by tender words or gentle touch, to restore normal conditions or abate abnormal ones. So with *your* "patient." Reason probably fails to appeal to him, when the desire is strong. Love *may* influence where reason fails. I should "between times" have a good, tender talk with him, let him look into my heart and see the pain there, tell him how proud you have been of his strength in overcoming an old habit, how you have respected and loved him for it, how you love and respect him now and how thoroughly you believe in his strength and his will, and always shall, knowing he could never be less than the man you love; and that, feeling this way, it hurts you to see him even *playing* with what lesser men might yield to. Emphasize your belief in him, your respect for him, your consciousness of his power. You intensify all three and strengthen the basis of all three by the suggestion. Keep this in mind when talking to him. BELIEVE all you say, and believe it with every fibre of your being. Count on his strength, *respect* his manhood.

Don't be tragic. Be half smiles and half tears if you must, but lay the tears to your own weakness which needs indulgence by his strength—not to doubt of him. And be sure there is a good mingling of cheery smiles.

Ask him, not as a protection to himself, but as a concession to his love for you

and the pain you are not strong enough to overcome, to stop the use of liquor in any form, because of its association in your mind, (which you have not yet conquered,) with the past which he so bravely overcame. If your words have not one accent of doubt of him, if they speak trust, respect, belief in his strength, I think he will grant your request. Keep in your mind the absolute belief that he *will* do so. *Be confident every moment of your plea that it will be granted.* Let your eyes show this confidence, love and admiration.

Remember, the game must be played *openly*, if success is to be the end, and you must take care that possible backsliding is taken into consideration, and is not made so black a sin that he will wish to keep it to himself should it occur. *Perfect confidence* between you is the thing above all for which you must strive.

I say I think he will grant your request. I also say that he will probably find it difficult to keep to his purpose. Provide for this by telling him that if in any moment of forgetfulness he shall break the intention (don't let it be a promise) it shall be a compact between you that he shall tell you, that you will understand perfectly, and that, like old Rip Van Winkle, "We won't count this one," but begin all over again.

If he does fail, why be cheery about it. Put it aside as of no importance. Show you love him, and believe in him, just the same, and start him once more with the same feeling of your reliance on his strength. Keep this thought in your mind constantly, AND BELIEVE IT.

It is probable that the condition of his business affairs, or rather the mental condition produced by his business affairs—is largely responsible for the present situation. He is seeking some sort of surcease. Try to provide that otherwise. Encourage him to talk to you about his matters. Be quick to praise and be proud of his achievements, however small—to appreciate the unusual strain of some particular day. Don't belittle the obstacles he is encountering, in your desire to help him surmount them; admit them in their bigness, *just as he sees them*, but let him feel your confidence in his ability to overcome. Remember, the one attitude you must constantly practice is that of "looking up." It helps to keep us on a pedestal when we find people gazing *up* to us. When their eyes look for us on lower levels, we are such creatures of suggestion we are apt to seek the wallow.

I doubt whether discussing the matter from the physiological standpoint will do any good, although of course, as a friend of mine said today, alcohol to a tired or sick man is like pouring kerosene on a few sticks to build a fire. The fire blazes up more quickly, but it has soon burned to ashes. The kerosene doesn't increase the fuel—only destroys it more rapidly. Alcohol doesn't add to a man's physical resources; it only speeds their destruction. But leaving discussion apart, *you* should consider the question and treat it from the physical side as well, for it is a physical craving and any weakened or strained condition of body or nerves accentuates it. As I said before, consider your husband, in this, your patient. General health depends primarily upon the condition of the digestive organs. See that he is thoroughly nourished, has healthful, appetizing meals, that his bowels are in *perfect* condition—the most important point of all. Assist the latter condition by the food you prepare. Keep plenty of good eating apples on hand, and *at* hand. Don't let him think that he is being supervised, but manage to compass your ends unobtrusively. He ought to drink eight or ten glasses of water a day; perhaps you can influence him to do so by taking up the plan for yourself. Mr. Berry's articles on "The Physical Life" (the June number especially) will serve as your inspiration. Relieve him of every possible worry and strain. Cut down your family expenses if that will ease his business tension. Further, he needs his mind distracted—pleasantly. In other words, look over the situation with a masterful eye, and make his physical and mental environment as nearly perfect as you can. Then, *believe, look up*, and you will have done your part.

* * *

H. M. M.—Write me and tell me fully the obstacles in the path of "your heart's desire." From what you say, I see no reason why it may not be attained. Tell me all details and see if I cannot show you a way.

* * *

In repeating Affirmation II, remember F. E. M.; in repeating Affirmations II and IV, remember L. C. S., A. J. S., A. B. H., and H. M. M.

New Thought.

"By thine own soul's law learn to live,
And if men thwart thee, take no heed,
And if men hate thee, have no care,
Sing thou thy song and do thy deed,
Hope thou thy hope and pray thy prayer."

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No. 12.

Chips From the Old Block.

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

Stop waiting for the crowd, and strike out for yourself.

* * *

The crowd is a weak-kneed creature, and waits to see some bold hand reach out before it and capture the prize—then it snarls in disappointment.

* * *

The prize is always captured by some one who has nerve enough to step out from the crowd—the crowd gets nothing but the crumbs.

* * *

It takes nerve and grit to step out from the crowd—for the crowd generally criticises one who has enough individuality to step out from its ranks—but it is the only way to accomplish anything.

* * *

The crowd is a "waiting" concern—waiting for some one to do something. If you wish to do something, you must step out.

* * *

The crowd is a coward—that is the reason it hangs back, and allows itself to have the prizes captured before its eyes. The man of grit and nerve is never satisfied to keep in rank, but is possessed of an itching to step ahead—and he usually does.

* * *

Step out and do things. Don't be afraid—it is the only thing to do. Let the crowd howl, and whine, and growl—do what you think right, and when you succeed, the crowd will cry out, "We told you so."

What is "The New Thought?"

(Eleventh Paper.)

BY WILLIAM WALTER ATKINSON.



In my last paper I promised to devote this one to a consideration of that branch of New Thought known as "Mental Science." But now that I am about to write, it occurs to me that the other ten papers really are along Mental Science lines. That is, along the lines of broad, general Mental Science, divorced from the particular metaphysical theories of any of its teachers.

Come to think of it, what relation has any metaphysical theory to the real principle underlying Mental Healing? Let us examine the subject. We find before us a great natural force, dwelling in the mental structure of Man, which force operates directly upon the physical body, its parts and organs. We find this force being called into play by numerous people under all sorts of guises and disguises. Nearly all who use this force, consciously, as a healing agency, call it into play as a part of some religious, semi-religious or metaphysical belief, creed, or theory, while, really, it seems to have no more connection with these theories, creeds, or beliefs, than has the force called Electricity. Just consider how foolish it would seem if the different sects, cults, or denominations were to use electricity in their work, claiming that its effect was due to some particular belief, creed, or theory held by them. Just imagine the Baptists using electricity to run a machine, and claiming that their success in its application was a proof of the soundness of their belief in adult baptism or immersion. Or, suppose that the Seventh-day Adventists were to claim that the telephone was a positive proof of their beliefs. What would we think of them?

And yet, right before us are numerous cults working cures upon their followers, each claiming that the cures are proofs of the soundness of their theological or metaphysical theories. And the people are saying, earnestly: "They must be right in their beliefs, for they are curing people right and left." Cause and effect are badly mixed.

If the various orthodox denominations were to take up this work of Mental Healing, by tacking it on to their pet theological theories, each and every church in the land would be a scene of wonderful and almost miraculous cures of disease. Each and every one of them would be a successful rival of Christian Science, Divine Healing, Faith Cure, and all the rest. In fact, the blind faith held by so many of the orthodox people, if directed in the road of "faith cure," would become such a power for good that a period of religious revival would set in such

as all the preachers have been praying for of late years. Thousands who would be cured, or who would witness the cures, would be brought forward as converts to the "mourners' bench" or altar rail, for the cures would be attributed to the teachings of the church, instead of the use of that great natural principle within Man: The Power of the Mind.

So you see that I have been talking about a kind of Mental Science all along.

Of course, some of the great Mental Science teachers have attempted to account for this Power of the Mind by some pet metaphysical theory, just as have the others, but that is only natural. The fact remains, that the Power is a reality and may be used or misused by the individual. For Mental Science teaches that disease may be caused by improper thinking, just as certainly as disease may be cured by proper thinking. The rule works both ways.

I believe that a very large percentage of disease is caused by people being "scared" into it by suggestions from others; patent medicine advertisements; articles in the public press, etc., etc. Fear brings upon the race a multitude of physical ills. Fear depresses the entire system so that it is most apt to "catch" anything that is catchable. Those who are always worrying about disease are most apt to contract it.

Mental Science teaches this and many other things. The curing and prevention of disease is only a small part of Mental Science, but is the only part we are considering here.

I do not care to dwell at length upon a consideration of the claims of any particular school of Mental Science, for, to tell the truth, after we lay aside the particular theories and beliefs of the different schools, we find the same thing in each case—the ability to cure disease by the Power of the Mind. Some have better ways of applying and directing this force than have others, but the real principle is the same.

My object in writing this series of papers has been to bring to your attention the great principle underlying all these branches of the New Thought and to try to show you the harmony existing among the apparent inharmony. I have not tried to preach a new doctrine, or to advance any special theory, but rather to clear your mind of some of the confusing and perplexing points, so as to leave you free to investigate for yourself. You will find more or less of good in the various methods employed by the different healers of the different schools, and the best plan is to adopt the one that seems best to fit in with your tastes. The plan or method that seems the most "natural" to you is the one for you to follow. Don't be wedded to any one set of methods of practice. "Take your own wherever you find it," independent of any special theory of the users.

And you who have been considering this Power a "Divine Principle"—do not get the notion that I wish to ridicule this idea. On the contrary, I consider this Power to be Divine, in all its phases. But so do I consider Electricity, or the Law of Gravitation. In fact, I consider all

of them as but apparently varying manifestations of the One Great Power of the Universe—one as much Divine as the other. I consider the Energy at work in the sprouting of a blade of grass as truly Divine as the greatest exhibition of Mental Force. Both have Mind back of the work, and back of the Mind of both is something still greater. I have not grown to lose respect for this Great Healing Power of the Mind, just because I am able to see it independent of the mystery, superstition, and fantastic garb bestowed upon it by many who are employing it. Far from it. I may truthfully say that my respect, reverence, and awe for this great Power increases day by day as I am able to see it in its beautiful simplicity and strength. The mystery of its existence does not diminish, but increases as one explores its sources.

I feel I have but poorly expressed my meaning in these papers, but then perhaps some of you will be able to read into the lines, and between them, that which I feel but have not said. I thank all my friends for their kind attention during the course of this series. So, here's Love all around, and an asking for your best wishes for next year's work.

"Furnished Rooms"—A Business Talk.

FRANKLIN L. BERRY.

Did you ever look for "Furnished Rooms?" Recently I had occasion, in the interests of a friend, to renew my acquaintance with the advertising column of our newspapers which bears this title and with the varying localities, houses, rooms and people to which it introduced me.

At first I went at the matter in a rather haphazard fashion, but in a few hours' time I found I had unconsciously evolved a "system" of judgment and investigation.

As I approached a house whose number was on my list, I came to form my impression from the exterior. Was the lawn well kept, the steps neat, the windows clean? If so, I rang the bell with a hopeful hand; perchance the room we sought was there. On the other hand, if the yard was only half-patched with starved grass, through which spaces of bare earth showed, if the steps bore marks of a hasty scrubbing down the center, with the corners unmolested, if the windows were dusty and fingermarked, I knew very well what would be found within. You say, perhaps, the woman of the house, with its many rooms and much care, was overworked, overburdened, and a charitable mind would find excuses for careless housekeeping forced on her by circumstances. That's all right, friend. We'll all find excuses for her under these supposed conditions,—but we won't choose her house as a place to live!

Excuses are all right for *home consumption*, but they don't go when you've got something to sell.

So there's my first business axiom. *Don't try to sell anything, from a sewing machine to time and gray matter, for which you have to offer excuses.* The man around the corner who has a sewing machine and no excuses, will get the customer every time.

Once inside a house, the inner stairs were a fair index of what we would find in the "furnished room." Dusty corners spoke eloquently of half-tidied bedrooms, a bathroom with a tub not carefully cleaned after its last occupant, towels on the floor (to be bundled into the soiled-clothes hamper with apologies for the omission).

Or, perchance, clean steps and windows and spotless inner stairs led to a bedroom as immaculate,—but with a window looking into a dark ventilating shaft, or a back alley. On some occasions we found cleanliness, light and air—but so little else. A worn, tasteless but clean bit of Brussels carpet in the middle of the room, an old-fashioned bed with a straw mattress and worn bed clothing,—clean,—a straight-backed uncomfortable chair, an inconvenient and ugly dresser but with a clean mirror. We left such rooms with a sigh of regret. There was the light, the air, the view, the cleanliness, but made so barren by their garb.

The landlady, whose invariably anxious air announced the fact that her room had long been vacant, missed a tenant simply because she had not familiarized herself with the needs and predilections of the class of customers she was seeking. She wanted first-class prices, but had only consulted second-class tastes.

At another house the price asked was exorbitant. We could duplicate the room half a dozen times in the next two hours at two-thirds the price. The furnishings were neat, the arrangements convenient and the surroundings good, but the price was purely arbitrary, evidently set with a view to supplying a certain fixed monthly need and having no reference to the principles of barter and sale.

At still other places we found in clean houses dismantled rooms, a rugless floor, curtainless windows, a bed without counterpane, but were told how it *would* look when properly arranged.

During one call the attitude of the woman in charge was that of being prepared to resist any and all impositions we might seek to practice on her. She announced with finality and some acerbity that smoking wasn't permitted in the house, that they objected to many visitors, that she hoped my friend went to bed early nights, and managed to convey the impression that the motto of the house was: "Whatever you want to do, don't!" Most of the prohibitions failed to hit my friend's habits, but though the room itself was satisfactory, the general atmosphere was too much for him, and we passed on.

All along the way in the windows of certain houses hung the little sign "Furnished Rooms for Rent," eloquent of a permanent condition. Lodgers in such a house were evidently never more than transient, and usually an investigation of the rooms and service offered spoke the reason.

Before I got through with my room-hunting tour, I began to apply my experience to life at large—a favorite pastime of mine. From selling soap to renting rooms the same principles operate to make success or failure, and I like to trace cause and effect.

These are the things I learned while walking up and down lodging house stairs:

Appearances count! People haven't time to study every cranny of your brain, ferret out your bright, clever thoughts, or ingenious powers. They look you over, size you up, and if the impression is unfavorable, pass you by. Keep the "outside of the house" in immaculate condition, the "windows" clean and bright. Clear, open, honest eyes, a fresh, healthy skin, and neat attire, invite people to go further and find out what you've got *inside*. So, look to the outside!

Clean out the dark corners. You can't let dirt accumulate anywhere and win success. You may think if you give a vigorous brushing to the front stairs, as it were, that it doesn't matter about the back hall. But people who expect to put up in the same house, have got their eyes open for the back hall and the strip behind the door. If you've got a pet corner that you're keeping out of sight, remember that dirt is a drug in the market, but it *pays to be clean*.

Consider your surroundings. You may possess all the qualities sought, you may "fill the bill" outside and inside, but if your environment is coarse, common, vulgar or debasing, your commodities will go begging. The world doesn't like your choice of an atmosphere; it doesn't admire your view, and it leaves you to enjoy them as best you may. Make a change! You *can* pick your friends, purify your environment, *seek your level*. Be sure it's placed high enough!

You can't sell shopworn goods, except at a bargain. If you want good prices, you must find out what the market demands and supply the need. You may have brains, ability, good address, executive force, but if your business methods or business data are just a little out of date, you belong on the bargain counter. You've got to get the newest ideas in stock before you can command the current rates. Keep in touch!

Don't put an extravagant value on your attainments. Go out and see what they can be duplicated for in open market. That's the test! Perhaps you think what you have to offer is of a little better quality than the current commodity. But remember it *looks* just the same. If it's better, it'll prove itself in the using, and then they'll mark you up, never fear. Accept the market value and give yourself a chance!

Be ready for the opportunity when it comes! I've met young men and women in search of congenial work who were very much like the landladies with the dismantled rooms. They aspired to become magazine contributors, longed for positions as private secretary, or wanted charge of classes in English Literature, etc., etc. None of them were ready, but each would tell you that the moment they succeeded in get-

ting such a position, it wouldn't take them *any* time to "post up a little." The would-be magazine writer had no wares to show. She wanted first to have the assurance that what she wrote would be accepted by the particular magazine she had in mind; the private secretary was "a little rusty" in shorthand, and not specially neat or attractive in appearance, but these lacks he intended to remedy so soon as he was definitely employed; the young woman who planned to teach English Literature, had no courses outlined, nothing to show her prospective pupils, but the instant she secured the class she meant to plan the most interesting line of study. You can't earn a living (at least away from the Board of Trade) by dealing in "futures." Have your goods ready to deliver when they're asked for. Remember, lots of orders come in marked "Rush," "Special," "Immediate." Make those *your* kind. Be ready!

Don't apply for a position or go out in search of business, carrying a list of "Don'ts" or "Won'ts" in your pocket. *You want the work.* That's the idea to carry! Don't bother about whether you may once in awhile be asked to work over time, whether you may occasionally have to help out in another department than the one you enter; don't imagine that you're going to be taken advantage of at every turn. It's time enough to resent imposition when it occurs, and I wouldn't add the word to my vocabulary until I'd tried to fit every other word in the English language to the existing condition.

When you get into a chronic condition of "Wanted, a position!" "Wanted, success!" you're in the second-class category. The best things will pass you by. *Take down that sign!* Quit advertising the fact that you're not a success. *Make* success out of what you've got already, if it's only a day's labor as hod-carrier. And in the meantime keep your eyes open and nail every opportunity that comes in sight. In a year, there'll be no occasion for any sign on your front door.

Friend, what kind of "furnished rooms" are you offering?

New Thought Which Is Old Thought

"Finally be ye all likeminded, compassionate, loving as brethren, tenderhearted, humbleminded, not rendering evil for evil, or reviling for reviling; but contrarywise blessing; for hereunto were ye called, *that ye should inherit a blessing.*"

1 Peter III:8-9

The Body Clamorous

LOUISE RADFORD WELLS.

How your soul plaints, crying: "Let me free!
Unbind! unloose! give me a little span
Of silence, thou! that I may walk apart
With vision clear, and learn again the way
Where lies less stumbling for thy weary feet.
I shall forget the landmarks if we fare
Striving so long, worn with the toilsome way!"

Tender the call, and you do almost pause,
Rapt at the memory of that fairer road.
Yes, almost pause!—I wonder if we know
How sad that word "almost" may some day sound
When it shall echo down the empty years!
But calls thy body clamorous: "Nay, not yet!
There is so much to do—trees in the path
To hew, rocks to upheave and bridges still
To build, the deep dark streams to cross. Labor
Is everywhere. You may not steal the time
To loose the bonds which bind your soul to me!"

So you fall laboring again, and still
Your soul walks fettered by your side, pallid
In dumb desire. When will you break its chain?

Optimism.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Not long ago I read the following gloomy bit of pessimism from the pen of a man bright enough to know better than to add to the mental malaria of the world. He said:

"Life is a hopeless battle in which we are foredoomed to defeat. And the prize for which we strive 'to have and to hold'—what is it? A thing that is neither enjoyed while had, nor missed when lost. So worthless it is, so unsatisfying, so inadequate to purpose, so false to hope and at its best so brief, that for consolation and compensation we set up fantastic faiths of an aftertime in a better world from which no confirming whisper has ever reached us out of the void. Heaven is a prophecy uttered by the lips of despair, but Hell is an inference from history."

This is morbid and unwholesome talk which can do no human being any good to utter, or listen to.

But it can depress and discourage the weak and struggling souls, who are striving to make the best of circumstances, and it can nerve to suicide the hand of some half-crazed being, who needed only a word of encouragement and cheer to brace up and win the race.

This is the unpardonable sin—to talk discouragingly to human souls, hungering for hope.

When the man without brains does it, he can be pardoned for knowing no better.

When the man with brains does it, he should be ashamed to look his fellow mortals in the eyes.

It is a sin ten times deeper dyed than giving a stone to those who ask for bread.

It is giving poison to those who plead for a cup of cold water.

Fortunately the remarks above quoted contain not one atom of truth!

The writer may speak for himself, but he has no right to speak for others.

It is all very well for a man who is marked with smallpox to say his face has not one unscarred inch on the surface of it. But he has no premises to stand upon when he says there is not a face in the world which is free from smallpox scars.

Life is not "a hopeless battle in which we are doomed to defeat."

Life is a glorious privilege, and we can make anything we choose of it, if we begin early and are in deep earnest, and realize our own divine powers.

Nothing can hinder us or stay us. We can do and be whatsoever we will.

The prize of life is not "a thing which is neither enjoyed while had nor missed when lost."

It is enjoyed by millions of souls to-day—this great prize of life. I for one declare that for every day of misery in my existence I have had a week of joy and happiness. For every hour of pain, I have had a day of pleasure. For every moment of worry, an hour of content.

I cannot be the only soul so endowed with the appreciation of life! I know scores of happy people who enjoy the many delights of earth, and there are thousands whom I do not know.

Of course "life is not missed when lost"—because it is never lost. It is indestructible.

Life ever was, and ever will be. It is a continuous performance.

It is not "worthless" to the wholesome, normal mind. It is full of interest, and rich with opportunities for usefulness.

When any man says his life is worthless, it is because he has eyes and sees not, and ears and hears not.

It is his own fault, not the fault of God, fate or accident.

If every life seems at times "unsatisfactory" and "inadequate" it is only due to the cry of the immortal soul longing for larger opportunities and fewer limitations.

Neither is life "false to hope." He who trusts the divine Source of Life, shall find his hopes more than realized here upon earth. I but voice the knowledge of thousands of souls, when I make this assertion. I know whereof I speak.

All that our dearest hopes desire will come to us, if we believe in ourselves as rightful heirs to Divine Opulence, **and** work and think always on those lines.

If "no whisper has ever reached us out of the void" confirming our faith in immortality, then one-third of the seemingly intelligent and sane beings of our acquaintance must be fools or liars. For we have the assertion of fully this number that such whispers have come, besides the Biblical statistics of numerous messages from the other realm. "As it was in the beginning, is now and shall be ever more, world without end, Amen."

"Nothing can work me damage except myself; the harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and never am a real sufferer but by my own fault."—ST. BERNARD.

"Every man is not so much a workman in the world, as he is a suggestion of that he should be. Men walk as prophecies of the next age."
—EMERSON.

Selfishness in Giving.

BY FELICIA BLAKE.



This is the Christmas month; the month of good will, good cheer; the month when we wish we could give to everyone we know and to many we do not know; this is a month of dread to those who think that "giving" can be only through the pocket book—if the pocket book is unable to meet such demands.

Still there is much "giving" that hardly takes the pocket book into consideration at all; kind words, written and spoken; kind thoughts, silent, often unconsidered, messengers. There are little thought-filled home-fashioned gifts, and gifts that, while bought outright, show loving thought for and remembrance of the recipient's desire.

Once, when I was expressing to a dear elderly friend my enjoyment of her gift she said, "I knew that would please you, my dear, because I heard you wishing for it some time ago. I always note the little spoken wishes of those I love so I can play fairy godmother, and grant them when the right time comes. I never make presents just for the sake of giving; my gifts are intended for the pleasure of the one who receives, not for my pleasure in giving."

That makes one think; yes, there is much selfishness in giving. I knew a woman who counted the names of acquaintances likely to send presents at Christmas and regulated her presents accordingly. So-and-so would send a gift of considerable value, she must send one of equal cost; Some-one-else would give only a little home-made remembrance, because Some-one-else had but a slim pocket book, hence an inexpensive gift would be selected in return, although a goodly bank account stood behind the woman I knew. So rigidly was this rule adhered to that when a sincere and less well provided for relative said, "I cannot make you the usual present this Christmas and I hope you will not give me anything," the relative was taken at her word and was shown also what had been intended for her, since the article had been selected and was laid away with others ready for distribution.

That was an extreme case, but it was true, and it seemed an ordinary and proper line of conduct to the one who did it. There are others who see nothing but what is commendable in their way of giving; they give, they even may deprive themselves of something in order to give, then are they not generous?

Deeper than that lies the motive; they should ask themselves—am I thinking only of the happiness and good of the one to whom I give; have I considered what would best please the one who is to receive, or

have I merely chosen what I like to give? Unconsciously many do the last; choose what they like to give, or what they would like to receive.

I knew a man and a girl who expected to marry. The man had made a list of everything he could call to mind to buy for her Christmas when the girl told him she was obliged to go to an aunt in another city for the holidays. The man expressed his disappointment, telling her how he had planned for their Christmas together, how he had looked forward to watching her enjoyment of the pleasure he was preparing. The girl was sorry and promised to return as soon as possible, then said thoughtlessly, "But you can send the things to me, for I love to receive packages." Yes, she was thinking of her own pleasure, but the man *was not*, for it transpired that he revised his list and sent only a few of the prospective gifts because—he could not have the pleasure of seeing her enjoyment. He was giving for *his* pleasure, not for hers.

It is the motive, the thought that goes with a gift, which makes the value. The motive, the thought, may not always be apparent but often it is felt. Not necessarily should we give more, but give better.

A Christmas greeting to you all
I send.

A greeting given unaware
To you who think I do not care;
And yet, within my heart, I call
You friend.

Another greeting goes to you,
My friend.
The friend who knows he holds a share
Of my heart life; who *knows* I care,
And that a greeting warm and true
I send.

And here's another greeting, quite.
I send
To those who neither know nor care
If I be here or anywhere;
I greet you, and myself I write—
A friend.

"Follow thou thy star; Thou shalt not fail of a glorious haven."

Practical Mental Science.

BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

* You have noticed the difference between the successful and strong men in any walk of life, and the unsuccessful weak men around them. You are conscious of the widely differing characteristics of the two classes, but somehow find it difficult to express just in what the difference lies. Let us take a look at the matter.

Buxton said: "The longer I live, the more certain I am that the great difference between men, the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy and invincible determination." I do not see how the idea could be more clearly expressed than Buxton has spoken. He has put his finger right in the center of the subject—his eye has seen right into the heart of it.

Energy and invincible determination—these two things will sweep away mighty barriers, and will surmount the greatest obstacles. And yet they must be used together. Energy without determination will go to waste. Lots of men have plenty of energy—they are full to overflowing with it, and yet they lack concentration—they lack the concentrated force that enables them to bring their power to bear upon the right spot. Energy is not nearly so rare a thing as many imagine it to be. I can look around me at any time, and pick out a number of people I know who are full of energy—many of them are energy *plus*—and yet, somehow they do not seem to make any headway. They are wasting their energy all the time. Now they are fooling with this thing—now meddling with that. They will take up some trifling thing of no real interest or importance, and will waste enough energy and nervous force to carry them through a hard day's work, and yet when they are through nothing has been accomplished.

And others who have plenty of energy, fail to direct it by the power of the Will toward the desired end. "Invincible determination"—those are the words. Do they not thrill you with their power? If you have something to do, get to work and do it. Marshal your energy, and then guide and direct it by your Will—bestow upon it that "invincible determination" and you will do the thing.

Everyone has within him a giant will, but the majority of us are too lazy to use it. We cannot get ourselves nerved up to the point at which we can say, truthfully: "*I Will.*" If we can but screw up our courage to that point, and will then pin it in place so that it will not slip back, we will be able to call into play that wonderful power—the Human Will. Man, as a rule, has but the faintest conception of the power of the Will, but those who have studied along the occult teachings, know that the Will is one of the great dynamic forces of the universe, and if harnessed and directed properly it is capable of accomplishing almost miraculous things.

"Energy and Invincible Determination"—aren't they magnificent words? Commit them to memory—press them like a die into the wax of your mind, and they will be a constant inspiration to you in hours of need. If you can get these words to vibrating in your being, you will be a giant among pygmies. Say these words over and over again, and see how you are filled with new life—see how your blood will circulate—how your nerves will tingle. Make these words a part of yourself, and then go forth anew to the battle of life, encouraged and strengthened. Put them into practice. "Energy and Invincible Determination"—let that be your motto in your work-a-day life, and you will be one of those rare men who are able to "do things."

Heart Throbs.

BY IDA GATLING PENTECOST.



Is your soul invertebrate and shapeless?

When the skeleton of the soul begins to form, man ceases to look down. Many soul skeletons are deformed. When you hurt another's heart, the skeleton is bent out of shape. Rude, ungraceful speeches make it unsightly. Meanness makes it crooked. Sneering makes it ugly. Ignorance makes it weak and uncertain.

A lack of doing unto others as they want to be done by, and as you would want done by you, were you in their place, crumbles the skeleton to dust!

Perceive, and you have the secret of God.

The Kingdom of Heaven never is obtained by force.

All growth must be spontaneous. No man can be driven.

Kill all memory of the past. Look back, and you are lost.

Endeavor becomes ecstasy when you realize that the whole race's progress is bound up in yours.

I am love, and I am optimism.

All life through the Spirit is Peace.

No one can criticise me, or make me afraid. God is my only Judge.

Faithful hearts will find full measure.

Open eyes and courage are synonyms.

One is a slave to a bad habit, and like many slaves in the South that did not want freedom, so he does not want freedom. A bad habit is a slave-driver; you are the slave driven by it. But when you can once and forever overthrow it, you will feel finer and more self-respecting, and your freedom from the slave-driving habit will be great. Try it and see if I am not right.

A man in his vice cannot see. What use is there in talking to a

drunken man? He must discover his own folly, and convince his own mind of the existence of the vice before it can be gotten rid of. Bad habits are alarming for the reason that they finally dull the brain so much that it loses the power to see.

Purification of mind and body, and clearness of heart, come first in the process of unfoldment.

Do not believe that vice or lust ever died by gratification. Feed vice through gratifying it, and it will expand and grow strong. Take warning, or you will return to the nebulous state.

Troubles are always self-made. A fact discernible only to those who see far.

O, the slow-traveling brain, and the swift winged soul! Mortals shrink from the Great Spiritual Awakening.

Suffer you will as long as you refuse to learn. No guiding star will aid you till you want the Best.

Distress of any kind begins with the commencement of disintegration.

The "Day of Judgment" is here. Events as well as your feelings are rousing you to realize this. The next nine years or so are going to be crucial and testing ones for the nations, and each man and woman individually.

Be extremely careful or you will not pull through.

You have entered the fullness of life, if you have heart perception. Such perception is much deeper and more intense life than brain action.

Have neither contempt nor regret, and learn not to explain, influence or construe.

There are times of inexpressible sweetness, but they come to those only whose hearts are set on the Supreme Goal. No such an one is homeless or an outcast.

Ecstasy comes from spiritual illumination. Thus enlightened you are always making for happiness.

Freedom does not preclude refinement, though many so called free are coarse and vulgar.

When you are unkind in speech, or deed, you have lost for the human race your power and energy.

Never be downhearted; wonder at the abundance within you.

I am rich because I have so many that will let me be good to them.

If you will understand love more you will experience a great increase.

A Merry Christmas to you all! God's garden is abloom because I love you.

"Every evil to which we do not succumb is a benefactor."—EMERSON.

Hark!

From the German of Arno Holz, by E. G.

Over the earth, clouds are floating,
Green through the forest streams their light.

Heart, forget!

In quiet sunlight is comforting magic,
'Neath swaying blossoms, balm thousand fold.

Forget! Forget!

From the far vale pipes—hark!—a bird.

It sings its song,

The song of joy!

Of joy!

Letters to a Seeker.

BY URIEL BUCHANAN.



Happiness and freedom are easily within your reach. You do not need to fret and struggle and wear out your life fighting against adversity; you only need to know. The unrest and disquieting fears you feel are in the sensuous mind. You are influenced by the destructive forces that dominate the material man. The selfish human will is struggling for supremacy without a conscious link to the realm of cause. It is not the divine self that feels pain and limitation. The real man is never affected by any harm. There can be no disturbance of the entity, the being or spirit, for it is one with the Absolute, from which it can never be lost.

You say that you have suffered unjustly. You murmur against the decree of destiny that has immured the ashes of your dreams and ideals in the caverns of the sub-conscious memory with the ghosts of unworded yearnings. You say that the zeal of youth has ebbed, your ambitions are crushed and your plans thwarted. The complaints you make and the excuses you offer are common. You are too easily discouraged. The fault is not in circumstances, but within yourself that you have failed. You have been conquered by obstacles that you should have mastered. No great and permanent good comes to man until he has proven his worthiness to receive and enjoy its blessings.

The birds sing as sweetly, the flowers bloom, the sun shines with the same brightness and warmth, the dawns are as beautiful and in the world are all the music and poetry, the romance and love that you once knew when life was young and full of hope and wonderment.

You were vexed with delays. You lost sight of the lofty ideals that would require years to attain. You sacrificed the noble attributes of heart and mind that should have been treasured as your greatest wealth. You ignored unselfish love and friendship, crushed out the flower of sentiment and stifled the longings of your better nature. In the midst of a world radiant with beauty, where man may have peace, happiness and all things that inspire and ennoble, you have lived in a dismal environment where all has been sacrificed to the god of self. Yielding to the impulses and passions of the lower nature, you rushed into the world of action to seize with rough hands life's tinsel trophies. But in the conflict your brain has become clouded, your thoughts confused. Experience has put fetters upon your ambitions. Time has silenced your lips and sounded the knell of defeat. Your estimate of life-values has been wrong.

You seek to regain your lost kingdom, to look again upon the world with the eyes of faith and love, to feel the sublimity of the starlit nights, to hear the surge of the sea and be at one with the spirit of the waves, to forget self in the ecstasy of living, to find yourself at the very heart of being, thrilled with every conceivable joy.

To enter upon life anew you must learn to forget the past. Banish from the mind all feeling of regret and enmity. Change your environment, your habits and mode of living. Avoid close personal attachments and harmful influences. Realize that all the good you have realized may be attained again, for the laws that govern thought are unchanged, the forces back of nature are eternal. Imagine yourself again at the threshold of life. You are a child of the Infinite, an inseparable part of Supreme Wisdom and Supreme Power, the Supreme and absolutely One. In your reflected and finite mind there are discordant thoughts and in your life are actions which seem the opposite of good, because you have turned your ears to the noises and tumult and are deaf to the monitions of the higher self.

You may experience again the rapturous calm, the passionate peace of the soul bathed in the healing silences. You may turn from the disordered state, from the sensible emotions that you have called pleasures, sorrows, pain and error and find union with the Absolute. Accept all these griefs and disappointments you have endured as ripening experiences that have forced your soul into truer conditions and awakened your mind to a better understanding. Being a part of the Supreme Power you can never be banished from the source of your being. If you are true to the Divine leading no harm can possibly affect you. You will be given strength from unseen sources to overcome every apparent evil, and the things that you have feared will be turned to blessings.

Awake from the dream of limitation and failure in which you have long been held. Turn from anger, hatred, jealousy, strife, revenge and all the disturbing influences which affect the body and mind. Say to

your higher self, or the divine power within which is a part of the Absolute, "if my will and ways cross Thine, show me and I will yield my will to Thee, for Thou art right and good."

"Laid on Thine altar, O my Lord Divine,
Accept my gift this day for Truth's sweet sake.
I have no jewels to adorn Thy shrine,
Nor any world-famed sacrifice to make.
But here I bring within my trembling hand
This will of mine, a thing that seemeth small,
But only Thou, sweet Lord, canst understand
How, when I yield Thee this I yield mine all.

Hidden therein Thy searching eye canst see
Struggles of passion, visions of delight,
Fond hopes and longings infinite. It hath
Been wet with tears and dimmed with sighs,
Till strength and love and beauty it hath none.

Now take, O Father, ere my courage fail,
And merge it so in Thy sweet will that e'en
If in some desperate hour my cry prevail
And Thou give back my gift, it may have been
So changed, so purified, so fair have grown,
So one with Thee, so filled with peace divine,
I may not know it as my own,
But gaining back my gift may find it Thine."

"He who knows that power is in the soul, that he is weak only because he has looked for good out of him and elsewhere, and so perceiving throws himself unhesitatingly on his thought, instantly rights himself, stands in the erect position, commands his limbs, works miracles; just as a man who stands on his feet is stronger than a man who stands on his head."—EMERSON.

"That which is past, is gone and irrevocable, and wise men have enough to do with things present, and to come: Therefore, they do but trifle with themselves, that labor in past matters."—BACON.

Buster Brown Resolves.**RESOLVED!**

THAT FORGETFULNESS HAS ITS GOOD AND ITS BAD POINTS. IT IS BEST TO FORGET YOUR OWN AND OTHERS MISTAKES, OR THE INJURIES YOU'VE RECEIVED, BUT OH, HOW EASILY WE FORGET PAIN AND PANG AND GO RIGHT BACK TO SOWING THINGS THAT WE DON'T WANT TO REAP. I'M GOING TO GET MY MEMORY TRAINED SO IT WILL FORGET. WHAT GOOD IS A MEMORY THAT REMEMBERS THE UNPLEASANT AND UNHAPPY THINGS. YOU CAN'T LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOR AS YOURSELF UNLESS YOU CAN FORGET. AND UNLESS YOU LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOR YOU'RE WAY OFF THE TRACK, FOR LOVE IS THE FUL FILLING OF THE LAW.

BUSTER BROWN

The Diary of "A New Beginner."

(The real diary of a real live person, whose name is withheld by request.—Editor.)



I don't know how I shall succeed, but at any rate, by the very first word written here, I stand committed to "the new philosophy," and the process of regeneration is supposed to be setting in.

Many times I have laughed and poked good-natured fun,—and some that was not so good-natured,—at Mental Science, Christian Science, Suggestion, New Thought, any and

every philosophy of life which differed from the old orthodox formula of existence. But gradually I have come to believe that in each is a slowly ripening kernel of truth; that the real vital force, the secret of all things, lies in each of us, and I almost believe that we *can* learn to control our circumstances, environment, health and happiness. I wonder if this is so. At any rate tonight I cast off, so far as I am able, allegiance to my old habits of thought, take a long breath, dip my pen deep in the inkwell and write myself, with a queer sense of entering a strange world—a "New Thinker."

What must I learn first in this new world? Oh, much about myself, I feel. For the real task I have assumed is the re-creation of myself. More than money, more than fame, more than what is usually meant by "success," I want to realize my own ideal of womanhood. I want to be the woman I have dreamed. At eighteen how impossible it seems that one should fail in this. At thirty, what heavy barriers one has reared between one's self and that dream woman. But can they not come down? Shall they not come down? I believe—yes, I *believe* the answer rests with my own self, and New Thought means to me that what I will to be I can be.

Yes, I have made my confession of faith—I can be what I *will* be, and I will to be that woman who at eighteen inspired my every dream and who all the years of my life has dumbly cried to me for realization.

I remember so well my eighteenth birthday. I had been reading Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies," and the strong words of the Preface went deep into my young and impressionable heart:

"The second thing you may make sure of is, that however good you may be, you have faults; that however dull you may be, you can find out what some of them are; and that however slight they may be, you had better make some—not too painful, but patient—effort to get quit of them." * * * * * *"Now, therefore, see that no day passes that*

you do not make yourself a somewhat better creature; and in order to do that, find out, first, what you are now. Do not think vaguely about it; take pen and paper, and write down as accurate a description of yourself as you can, with the date to it. If you dare not do so, find out why you dare not, and try to get strength of heart enough to look yourself fairly in the face, in mind as well as body." My merciless young conscience searched every corner of my being, and, humbly following Ruskin's command, I wrote my portrait down. Oh, be sure no fault escaped my rigorous eye! I felt humbled before my shortcomings, and in fervent words pledged myself to overcome, to live every day so that in the happy years to come my face should be that

"—— countenance in which do meet

Sweet records, promises as sweet."

Poor diary of the long ago, bearing the futile words! tonight I think of you, and as I turn the first pages of this new "Diary" of my later years, I feel humbly that there is a long stretch of road ahead before I can even walk abreast of the girl you knew.

Well, then, Josephine Gregory, looking at me there from the glass; if we remember so well that old "pen-portrait," what about taking another tonight?

It will not be an honest one. I *hate* to acknowledge faults. When I know I'm wrong, I don't mind so much—but, as John says, if the thirteenth labor of Hercules had been to convince me that I was wrong, he would have gone down in mythology as a vanquished hero. Even now with but a sheet of paper to listen, my pen balks.

Well, here goes. Name, Josephine Gregory; age, thirty; Spinster! Such a hopeless word that is; wish I'd said bachelor maid. For there *are* several varieties of "us." There's the "old maid"; she's beyond redemption, cranky, sour-visaged, and with a grudge against the world. There's the spinster; I rather think she's a gentle, quiet, benignant creature, destined later to neices and nephews and happy household cares. There's the "unmarried lady," who carries about with her an air of ultra-conventionality, never discusses age (and might be any), and who keeps up a bold front to the world, as of one who may yet not only be wooed but won. And there is the "bachelor maid"—but she's so young, so happy, so vigorous, so assured that she is filling the very only right place in life, and so certain to draw to herself whatever is needed—even marriage—to make it so, that I really daren't claim the term. So, after all, I guess I'm just a plain "unmarried woman." That's discreet and not too definite.

I simply can't get down to the faults. Well, that's one, to begin with—Pride. I am proud. I know it. I don't know why; I don't know what of.

I've been sitting here thinking, and I wonder if Pride isn't really only another name for Self-Love. When, after a difference with a friend, I

hold myself aloof waiting his acknowledgment of wrong, it isn't that I'm not sorry for my share—is it self-love, demanding that I be valued above him? That seems partly true. I must watch and learn.

To cure Pride, it seems to me absolute sincerity with myself and through self with others, is all that is needed. If I can teach myself to rightly view each action and word and to say to myself the truth concerning it, acting and speaking that truth openly, then Pride, I feel, must die.

Next, I am very self-willed. By hard and continued struggle through the responsibilities, mental and financial, of the last ten years, I have learned to *shut my teeth and conquer*. When a thing had to be done, I have not admitted the possibility of defeat; I have started out to do it. To nobody have I told the inner shrinking, at times, the wish to let go, give up, surrender responsibility. I have fought them down, and while there is some virtue in the energy and determination developed, this virtue in excess has become a fault, and a grievous one. From *need* to dominate, has come the involuntary *desire* to do so, at all times. My own way seems the only way; I can't yield one inch; I can't defer. I grow overbearing, irritable, impatient. I am intolerant of opposing ideas, actions, even ambitions or hopes. This is my great failing.

Third (and last for tonight; I can't stand any more unveiling at one sitting;) contact with the business world, its materialistic atmosphere, the sliding standards of right and wrong, and the easy familiarity with the world's weaknesses, has in a manner brushed the delicacy from my mind. I need to re-place myself, mentally; to return to my own ideals, my own standards and hold them unswervingly, let the crowd jostle as they may. The real fabric of my soul—albeit “a little soiled about the hem,”—I yearn to find still whole, still fair.

It's not very complex, what I want—to *find* myself, to be myself.

Diary, I know what a zigzag road you will chronicle! I shall climb up a little—such a short way,—only to fall. Again I'll rise; again to fall. I do not expect to conquer easily. I may *always* have to struggle. But struggle I will to free myself from every fetter and let my soul and spirit illumine my life. And every mood shall truthfully bare itself to you; happy, sad, flippant, serious; just as they come to me; just as I yield to them. The cares of my day, the wearing problems of my business life, the hours full of personal incident; all shall be set down, and to each will I try to apply that new power—no, that old power newly recognized,—the struggling belief in whose existence has made me this day write myself, in the words of an old country friend of mine, “a new beginner” in New Thought.

“We are the miracle of miracles,—the great inscrutable mystery of God.”—CARLYLE.

In Harmony With the Law.

-(A Series of Twelve Articles on the Physical Life.)

FRANKLIN L. BERRY.

VII. HABITS.

The victim of any of the habits of appetite,—tobacco, whiskey, opium, morphine, etc.,—has bartered in exchange for his moments of indulgence, the control of his mind, the regulation of his emotions and his moods, the power to enforce his will,—and in nine cases out of ten his bodily health as well. Where he should hold dominion, Habit sits. When he says “No,” Habit cries “Yes,” and conquers. While ambition, love, unselfishness set their goal before him, Habit fetters each struggling step.

In each of us is a power—*the* power—which is meant to dominate all the circumstances of our life, transmuting them into harmony, attainment.

He who becomes a slave to appetite, in whatever form, loses his ability to call this power into action, and has turned over the control and direction of his life to the caprice of moments. Appetite has taught his will to yield, and when he needs its strength most he finds it wavering.

The man who honestly and earnestly desires to free himself from this self-inflicted bondage, can do so. But he must take up the task thoroughly and systematically.

The first thing to consider is *the cause*. The habit of taking stimulants or narcotics often has its root in an overtaxed mind, depleted nerves, neglected body, each or all crying for the false strength of stimulants or the false quiet of narcotics. Look, then, first to the conditions which beget the appetite you seek to conquer. Analyze your physical, mental and material life and make a list of the weaknesses you discover. It might read like this:

PHYSICAL.

1. Insomnia. (What causes it?)
2. Great nervous irritability.
3. Sense of exhaustion following exertion.

MENTAL.

1. Habit of worry.
2. Tendency to despondency and discouragement.

MATERIAL.

1. Financial difficulties.
2. Heavy business responsibilities requiring constant thought and care.

Well, if you should show me such a list I would say, “Man, you’re not properly nourished!” What do the three physical symptoms mean but a depleted body? Mind, I don’t say you are not taking *enough* food,

but you are not getting the proper nourishment from it, therefore it's the wrong food for you. Nervous irritability means that your nerves are not properly fed and rested. The tendency to exhaustion shows you are overtaxing your body. If, by the use of a narcotic or stimulant you manage to force your body beyond the point it warns you is its limit of strength, you are still further depleting it.

If an animal was suffering from an arterial hemorrhage you could perhaps lash it to action,—but what would be the result? Death! You would know better than this, and would compress the severed artery and enforce quiet until it healed.

So with your own body. The worst thing you can do is to use tobacco or whiskey as a lash. Your life arteries are ebbing away. They need binding up, care and attention.

Your mental symptoms will be greatly improved, if not entirely overcome by an improved physical condition. Your material difficulties, believe me or not as you may, are largely the result of your physical and mental conditions. Very well, then, *strike at the root!* Begin today to lead a *healthy* life; to build your body up systematically. Give it perfect nourishment. (Read Article III of this series in June NEW THOUGHT.) *Keep your bowels open.* Drink eight to ten glasses of water per day. Eat quantities of fresh fruit—this is important. Go to bed early and *regularly*, and keep your windows open. Morning, noon and night, see that your circulation is even. In the November article I gave some exercises to produce this result,—two or three minutes' use when you find your head hot, feet cold or vice versa, will restore normal conditions. Take a hot bath each night. It allays excitement, relieves pain, equalizes the circulation and tends to produce sleep.

Don't wait until your body is rebuilt before you attack that Habit of yours. Begin today! Tear down Habit and build up physique at the same time. Neither process alone will bring success, for body-building is slow when you are poisoning the new blood daily; habit-destruction is difficult when the weaknesses of the body are daily draining your strength and will. Then strike both ways at once—and STRIKE HARD!

The Milk Cure is an excellent thing for either the whiskey or tobacco habit, and the reason for this is that it provides the body daily with a quantity of nourishment in an easily digestible form. You are taking a great deal in *bulk*, and your stomach feels unusually full and indisposed to further activity. The thought of adding to its contents soon becomes nauseating and before long the old desire *dies* from lack of gratification. The secret of this is that the milk cure feeds the body so thoroughly that its every need is satisfied,—the natural outcome of *perfect* nourishment.

In physical life, as in mental, the best way to destroy a habit is to put another in its place. That's a point you want to remember. *Select your new habit!* I knew a man once who cured himself of the tobacco habit by the use of a little book of synonyms and yet he had been in the

habit of smoking twenty to thirty cigars a day. He was passionately fond of the study of words, and whenever he felt the old tobacco hunger coming on, out of his pocket would fly the book of synonyms and he would fall to studying words. You see he had been wise enough to select another passion,—and a harmless one—to take the place of the one that had been sapping his strength.

Another man, very proud and fond of his daughter, cured himself by saving his tobacco money daily, to make possible a long desired vacation trip for her. His love for her was stronger than the tobacco craving in the end. He got more gratification from depositing the ten cents five times a day in the "vacation box" than in burning a cigar to ashes. He merely substituted one passion for another.

If it is the drink habit you seek to overcome, make it an ironclad rule to make no engagements, accept no invitations, which shall test your new resolution. The best way to accomplish this is to make some other engagement *immediately* for the tempting hour; your resolution will be bulwarked. Carry a good sweet orange in your pocket at all times, and whenever you feel a desire for a drink, take a suck at the orange. It seems simple, but it's a help. And again I say: *Keep well nourished*, and drink water, water, water!

With the tobacco habit, take a glass of milk whenever you feel the old nervous demand. Never mind if you have to drink six glasses in a morning; it's good for you.

If you have been accustomed to either drinking or smoking after dinner, make a fixed engagement for that hour which is incompatible with the indulgence of the habits. If you live in the city arrange to take up some study under a teacher at that hour, English, the violin, mathematics, draughting, whatever you are interested in. You will find an instructor no more expensive than a habit! If in the country, form a chess or cribbage club of eight or ten members to meet progressively; for instance, John Smith calls at your house tonight at 7:30 to play chess (or cribbage or whatever you may have selected), Thomas Jones the next night, Henry Bird the next night, etc., etc.

Remember, this is forming a *new* habit and that is the best way to shove the old one out.

To overcome, then, give yourself perfect nourishment, proper sleep, fresh air, exercise; drink plenty of water; keep your bowels open; weed out of your daily life whatever annoys or harasses you, no matter of what sort; decide on a *new* habit and whenever the old one calls for recognition, shove the new one promptly in its place; make no engagements or plans which are apt to test your resolution; make counter engagements for every hour or occasion which is likely to call upon it. And have perfect faith in your ability to overcome. You *can*! Give yourself a chance! Start in with determination,—and,—STOP TODAY, my friend!

Compensation.

ROBERTA Y. HAYNES.

We must take people as they are, rather than as we hope. I suppose one of the chiefest griefs of every sensitive spirit is this apotheosis of the unknown, and subsequent discovery of the feet (and alas! sometimes more) of clay. One wonders if he shall ever cease this boundless expectancy, this immeasurable ascription of perfection and wholeness to each new person who looms on the horizon as peculiarly congenial. Does one really wish to become lost to spontaneity and enthusiasm, and coldly calculate the compensations of disillusionizement? The universe appears infallibly balanced—things so accurately offset one another on the final reckoning, that there is no evil, no good, but only the old Same, turn it how we may. I suppose the constant realization of this principle is what produces the state of Nirvana, the middle course, or freedom from all human emotion of the Hindu devotee. When pains preponderate over pleasures, this vacuum looks like a rather inviting sort of place, and then, when the inevitable reaction comes, and pleasurable states are in the ascendancy, pain looks like only the shadow on my picture, and I see the high lights only the more vividly for it.

But is it true that we are made fools of, vibrating from extreme to extreme, from asceticism to epicurianism, grasping what seems for the moment truth, only to find it turning to a lie in our hands?

Let us say what honestly can be said on all sides, and leave the deduction to work itself out in everyday practice; in the first place, emotion or feeling can never be completely eradicated from human nature. What can be done is to confine it within extremely narrow limits, when it gains in force what it loses in extent; and, moreover, even if the eradication of the passions were within the range of human possibility, how few would desire release from pain on the condition offered, i. e., inability to feel either joy or sorrow? Is not this a rather doubtful good?

Each life is an experiment. My problems never were proposed before. The elements have always existed, but never in the combination in which they present themselves to me and in me, and my own personality contains their only solution; I am the solvent of my circumstances. Self reliance is the golden thread to lead me out of the maze of circumstance that envelops and is always threatening to submerge me. Only as I stand alone am I strong. Only as I become passive to the flux of Truth am I electric and vital.

"Every friend whom not thy fantastic will but the great and tender heart in thee craveth, shall lock thee in his embrace."—EMERSON.

Affirmations for December

FRANKLIN L. BERRY.

I.

In the voice of unspoiled Nature sounds the
true harmony of life.

I seek its melody. I open myself to its song.

II.

I take my soul aside in silence.

Shut out is the clamour of the world; the
conflict of man with man.

Only The True Voice shall speak.

III.

I give strength to him who lies worn on the
bed of illness;

Calm to his mind, health to his body, peace
in his soul.

IV.

I will! Every power is mine.

I will! Barriers shall fall.

I will! The goal is sure.

I will!

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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FRANKLIN L. BERRY

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LOUISE RADFORD WELLS

The Letter Box.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM WALKER ATKINSON.

Earnest Inquirer.—You ask me to state my attitude toward the theories of Thomson J. Hudson, and whether or not the said theories conflict with New Thought teachings. You say that your question is prompted by the statement of the teacher of a New Thought class that you recently attended, the teacher stating that there was nothing in Hudson's theories and that you would have to unlearn all that you had obtained from the reading and study of Hudson's books before you could grasp the real truth underlying the New Thought philosophy. Well, all I can do is to give you my particular view of the matter—but I suppose that that is what you are asking for anyway, so I need not try to explain at length that many New Thought people may differ very widely from my views. In the first place, I would say that it seems rank nonsense to me for any teacher to try to set up a New Thought creed, and to claim that all teaching that does not conform to that creed is "heretical" and heterodox. It seems to me that *all* honest teaching and investigation along these lines should be accorded a place in the New Thought work. Each investigator, student or teacher is digging away at the great volume of truth, and as each uncovers a bit of precious metal he has a right to exhibit it as such, without being complained of by others who have unearthed something that looks different from the aforesaid specimen. There are all sorts of precious metal to be found in the great mine of truth, and no one has a right to claim that the particular vein that he has brought to view is the "only real stuff" and that the "find" of the others is but base and worthless metal. We must avoid falling into the error of the theologians, many of whom can see no good or truth in anything outside of their own pet theories or dogmas. If we do not, then New Thought will decay and be discarded in favor of something else more in harmony with the spirit of the age. I cannot sympathize with the statement of the teacher who would read Hudson out of the fold. While I differ very materially from Mr. Hudson on many points, I gladly say that his work has been of the greatest value in clearing away many old notions; in classifying the phenomena of the mind; and in attracting the attention of the public to the subject of mental phenomena. I venture to say that more people have come into the New Thought by reason of having become interested in the "Law of Psychic Phenomena" than from any other one cause. In my opinion, Mr. Hudson became enamored of his dual mind theory and tried to explain everything by the one theory, going to great length in the attempt. This has caused many later investigators to belittle his efforts, which is unfair, for, no matter how Mr. Hudson stretched his pet theory, the fact remains that he has done more than any other recent writer to classify the action of the several planes of mental activity, and to state the matter in plain terms so that the public could grasp it. Personally, I prefer the old occult teaching of the *threefold* planes of the mind, to Hudson's *dual* mind, but I think that one can better grasp the former teaching by reason of having read and studied Hudson's work. The occult teachings hold that man's mind functions on three planes: (1) the sub-conscious; (2) the conscious; and (3) the super-conscious. Hudson holds that Man has a "dual mind," consisting of (1) the Objective Mind, and (2) the Subjective Mind. He holds that all the action of the mind outside of the field of consciousness belongs to the Subjective Mind. No matter if the product be the lowest animal impulses or stupidity on the one hand, or the highest aspiration or flashes of genius on the other—it is all the work of the great Subjective Mind. It is admitted that the animals have little or no Objective Mind, and that Man has developed the latter—but this is ignored by those singing the praise of the Subjective Mind, which is described as containing the highest and the lowest in the field of thought. I call your attention to this, not as depreciating Hudson's work, but that you may see how well he has paved the way for the occult teaching. To those who, while admiring Hudson's work, still felt the incongruity of lumping this highest and lowest together, I would suggest the following plan as a means of forming a clear idea of the occult teachings regarding the Threefold Mind. Set aside the "Conscious Mind" as practically being the same as Hudson's "Objective Mind." Then split up his "Subjective Mind" into (1) a higher plane of mentation, which you may call the "Super-conscious" (or "higher-than-conscious")

plane; and (2) a lower plane which you may call the "Sub-conscious" (or "lower than conscious") plane. Do you not see how the rough places of Hudson's theory are smoothed out, and how light is thrown on the dark corners? The "Sub-conscious" Mind is seen to be first in the scale of evolution, followed by the "Conscious," and last of all by the great "Super-conscious" or "Spiritual Mind" which the race is now developing, and from which comes all that is highest and greatest. You will see that this occult theory does not call for the discarding of Hudson's work as "old junk," but, on the contrary, it throws light on Hudson's work, and enables his students to grasp the occult teaching at once. No, I do not mean to intimate that Hudson got his idea from the old occult teachings—in fact, I do not believe that he ever heard of them. Mr. Hudson was of a scientific type, and from what I have learned from those who were intimately acquainted with him, he had read little or nothing of the old occult teachings. He arrived at his conclusions by independent reasoning, and his work was original. It will not do for teachers of pet metaphysical theories to attempt to discredit the work of Hudson and other workers in the psychological field. The people are asking for scientific reasoning in place of the foggy metaphysical twaddle that has been ladled out to them as the "real New Thought"—they are asking for something substantial in place of the "sweetened wind" upon which they have been fed. The New Thought teaching of the future must be scientific and rational instead of misty, musty, and vague. New Thought is not a glittering dream based upon wordy nothings—it is a sane, sound philosophy of life, based upon scientific facts that may be proven by anyone if he or she will but take the trouble to investigate and experiment.

In repeating Affirmation III send your thoughts to C. A. Affirmation IV is for each day's silent use. "A. M.," "K." and "A. W." should especially make it theirs.

"You take wheat to cast into the Earth's bosom; your wheat may be mixed with chaff, chopped straw, barn-sweepings, dust and all imaginable rubbish; no matter, you cast it into the kind just Earth; she grows the wheat,—the whole rubbish she silently absorbs, shrouds it in, says nothing of the rubbish. The yellow wheat is growing there; the good Earth is silent about all the rest—has silently turned all the rest to some benefit, too, and makes no complaint about it! So everywhere in Nature! She is true and not a lie; and yet so great, and just, and motherly in her truth. She requires of a thing only that it *be* genuine of heart; she will protect it if so; will not if not so. There is a soul of truth in all the things she ever gave harbor to. Alas, is not this the history of all highest Truth that comes or ever came into the world? The *body* of them is all imperfection, an element of light *in* darkness; to us they have to come embodied in mere Logic, in some merely *scientific* Theorem of the Universe; which *cannot* be complete; which cannot but be found, one day, *incomplete*; erroneous, and so die and disappear. The body of all Truth dies; and yet in all, I say, there is a soul which never dies; which in new and ever-nobler embodiment lives immortal as man himself! It is the way with Nature. The genuine essence of Truth never dies."—*Carlyle*.

Stepping Stones.

Department of the I CAN AND I WILL Circle.

EDITED BY LOUISE RADFORD WELLS.

"I hold it truth with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

* * * "Please pardon me for troubling you, but I know I can trust you and you can tell me what to do. I involuntarily try not to see, not to observe what is before me, not to feel what I touch, or actually to notice what is going on around me. I deliberately acquired this habit—from superstition at first, and seldom. Realizing how idiotic it was I tried to stop it, but cannot. I can neither concentrate my gaze or my attention on anything, or "sense" anything, as I should, or hardly ever. I seem to fear to, and try not to—*against my will*.

"It is clouding my wits and having a very bad effect on my eyes. An oculist, in examining them, said: "We must make those muscles work." I am extremely nervous and feel that my sanity depends on my cure. Dr. X. offers to cure disease for a small sum. I feared to write him, fearing blackmail by threats of reporting me as insane. Would I be called so? Could I safely write him, or will you recommend a hypnotist I can trust.

"I have been helped much by your writings and will be eternally most grateful if you will kindly advise me." * * *

Your letter emphasizes most clearly the power of habit. By constantly, yet without effort, refusing to use the sense of sight and touch, you in a short time acquired a habit which now has become a power. I print your letter in full because I wish to emphasize not only to you, but to all our readers, how *easy* it is to form habits. It's the simplest thing in the world—just a moment's perseverance now and then to begin with, and it *does itself*!

All the ordinary events of life, our rising, going to bed, eating, sleeping, drinking, functioning of every nature, should be automatic, and might be, would we take the briefest space of time to form a habit. And yet many of us, myself included, waste tons of nervous force daily, directing 365 days in the year, 365 different ways, the ordinary functions of life. Let these duties be performed automatically by *Habit*, and we would have enough Vital Energy left over to write wonderful books, paint beautiful pictures, evolve miraculous inventions or make the world better and brighter through the applied power of our thought. If you ever hear of my writing a book you may be sure I've found the leisure time by turning over some of my duties to *Habit*.

Now as to you, my friend, the answer to your question is just as clear as if it was written in red letters a foot high and hung in plain view. Who taught you the habit you now deplore? Yourself! What powers did you possess then that are not easily in call now? Not any! What supernatural agency did you invoke? None! You used simply the Gift which is common to all. We can create ourselves. Yes, little by little we can build the structure—lofty or low, as we ourselves do will. You've done some poor building; that's all. You didn't realize how useless the completed structure would be built on your lines. But now you see. Well, tear it down and build again! Don't have a moment's doubt as to the result! You don't need a hypnotist, a doctor, a Healer—you don't need anybody or anything but just yourself and what lies therein. You've demonstrated your power beyond a doubt. Direct the same force in the opposite channel and the deed is done.

You've got to acquire a new habit—that of *consciously* observing. You can't do it in a minute, but you can in a succession of minutes spread over days. When you began the practice of which you now wish to rid yourself, you tried to remember *not* to notice. No doubt you failed many times in the early stages of your attempt. You will have a similar experience in your new task, but the end will be the same—complete success in your endeavor. Let me tell you how to begin.

First, to learn to observe. Go to your room, where you are secure from interruption, throw up your window, breathe in the fresh air and take a few minutes' physical exercise. Any kind—I don't care—just enough to freshen yourself up a bit and start the blood circulating. Then take an object, any object, a book for instance, and fix your eyes upon it. Examine it thoroughly, and say over to yourself every idea that comes to you about it. You will have to use simple methods to begin with.

Say "This is a book. Rather a small book. Its color is dark green. The lettering is in gold. The title on the back runs lengthwise. The material seems to be silk. It contains 174 pages. The paper is clear white and heavy. The type is black and there is quite a wide space between the lines." When you've finished enumerating the distinctive characteristics of the book, begin all over again. See if you cannot find some additional points about the book this time. Do this four or five times. If you find your gaze wandering, stop your "catalogue" and simply say, "I am looking at a book. This is a book." Put your fingers on the lettering and say, "This is the gold lettering," etc., etc. After using the book half a dozen times take another object and repeat the process. Then rest your eyes, closing them, but continue to hold the book or other object, and begin to see what you can determine about it by *feeling*. For instance, "The cover feels smooth to my hand, but it is rough near the edge. The last two pages do not open as thoroughly as the others. One of the corners of the book is bent. The paper has ragged edges," etc., etc. Do this six or eight times a day for five or ten minutes at a time. It is not absolutely necessary that you be alone, although it will help you at first. You can practice the same plan with people all about you, and nobody be aware.

Whenever you look at an object try not to take your eyes away until you have examined it so carefully that you could give an accurate description. Go back to it again and again if you are conscious you have only half done the work. Whenever you touch an object follow the same plan, endeavoring to master every attribute of such object which the sense of touch can discover. You will forget to do this; you will find it hard at first; but with your daily practice in your room you will soon note increased ease, and it will become less and less difficult as time goes on.

Insane? Not a bit of it. But don't go to Dr. X or Dr. anybody else. Take your own case in hand. You have already proved that you have *remarkable* control of your will and the *Force* within. The end is sure, absolutely sure. The only matter with you at present is that you've succeeded so thoroughly in what you set out to do, that you've been hobnobbing with Fear. You have neglected to take into consideration the fact that the same Power is yours *still*, and that all any person of your force needs to do is to *decide* what result shall be accomplished. So *make your decision* and get to work; and then write me how goes the battle. I shall not have to wait long for the final note of victory.

* * * * *

K.—You say you lack self-confidence; that in conversation you place your mind on what you are saying and start out swimmingly, but before you finish you become self-conscious and constrained and therefore make a poor impression. You say, "This means so much to me because I know we are valued as we value ourselves."

Now, I think you are looking at the matter through the wrong end of the telescope, if you don't mind my saying so. And the secret of your difficulty lies right there. Your letter in great part is a very sensible one, not at all "conceited" and showing a very amenable disposition, and a most laudable and humble wish to "overcome." BUT, that one little sentence quoted above shows that, however innocently, your mind is fixed on what people are thinking of YOU. Your distress is because when you falter in speech or thought they will undervalue YOU. I don't mean to say that you overvalue yourself, for I don't at all think you do. The spirit of your letter is quite the opposite. But, after all, your chief concern is as to what effect YOU are making, what opinion people are forming of you. Get away from that just as fast as you can. When you are talking try to detach yourself from the subject; regard it as you would a painting or a fine vase. Are you putting it in the best light; are you showing all its good points? If you were letting some friends look at a painting you owned, you wouldn't feel that its being well or poorly done affected your personality. You would be only interested that it should be judged correctly, and that it gave your friends pleasure. Take the same attitude when you talk. Do not think what people will think of *you* who are talking, but whether you are slighting or misrepresenting your subject, whether you are kind or unkind in speech, just or unjust. Birdseye views of "self" are all that it's healthy to take. We need to do that, to get our bearings, see how the land lies and do a little remodeling occasionally. But *constant* thought of self, even though critical and corrective, is a bad thing. Whenever you find yourself thinking of *self*, switch off the current and begin thinking of *somebody else*. Do it continually when in company. Think of the other people in the room, their good qualities, their bright ways, clever tongues, pleasing accomplishments. When you are indulging in "chit-chat" with a friend, think of what *she* is saying, and run over her attractive points in your mind. Your own personality will be growing and flowering in this atmosphere. Just at present, through a very laudable desire to improve yourself, you've grown a little self-centered. Wipe *self* off the slate except for say ten minutes meditation after you have gone to bed at

night. Let that ten minutes sum up the mistakes of today and outline the corrections of tomorrow.

The moment your mind begins seeking its old stamping ground, get it another subject QUICK. It's the same old principle of Habit again. To get rid of one habit, put *another* in its place. It's the only *sure* cure. You're all right! Don't worry!

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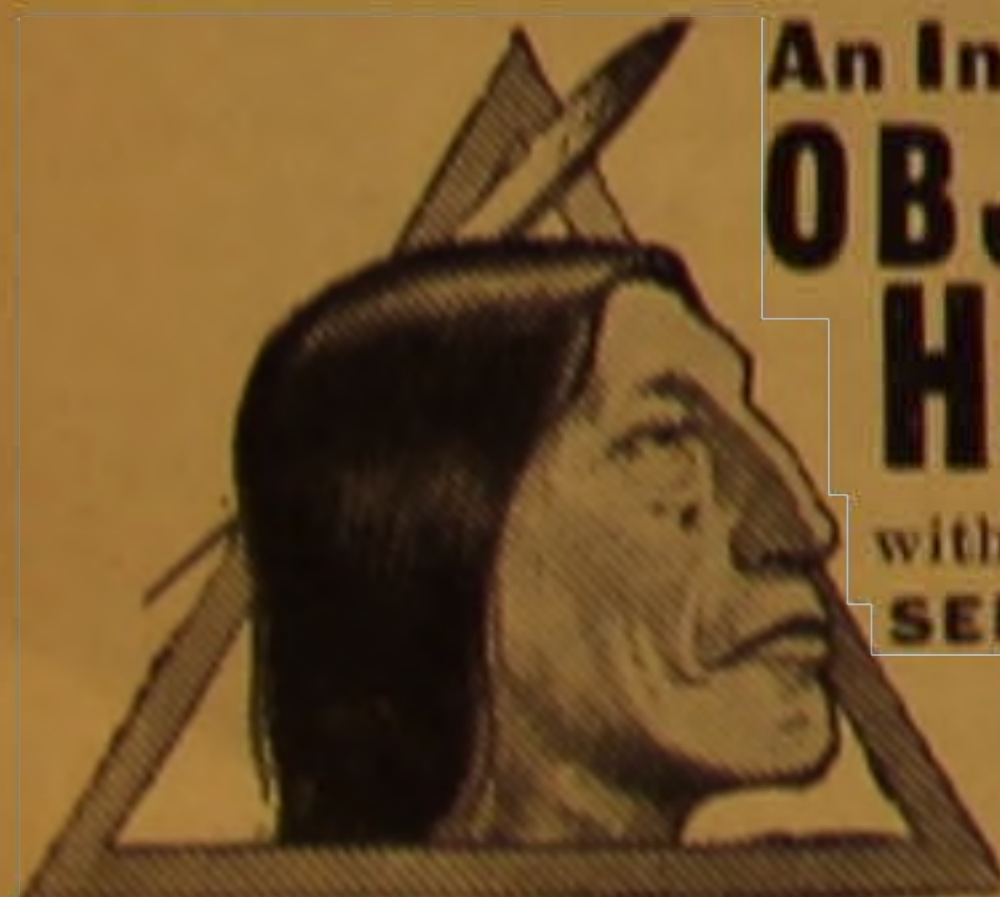
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New Thought Calendar for 1906



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one of the soft shades of a New England sunset. It is a dainty and artistic production, just suited for an inexpensive Christmas gift. The Whitman calendar will be a source of inspiration and joy for a year to each one who receives a copy. Send for one. Securely packed and postpaid for only 25 cents. Five calendars for \$1.00. Address

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1170 Caxton Building, Chicago

THE PUBLISHER'S TALK.

Miss Wells is lamenting (almost) because winter is at hand. And her reason is that no more flowers will blow in HER garden. Did you ever hear about her garden? It's a good story, and we're all waiting for the sequel. Almost a block and a half from where Miss Wells' window looks out on the broad, shining macadam stands a large frame and plaster house, surrounded by an immense old-fashioned yard—not the "lawn" that most city houses with a small strip of grass lay claim to, but a real yard. It stands in a large enclosure with another good-sized, comfortable frame house, and an iron fence rears its barrier around. The house has been vacant ever since Miss Wells went to live in the neighborhood—almost two years. It never bears a "For Rent" or "For Sale" sign, but stands back in its shrubbery, silent, serene and indifferent to a house-hunting public. Miss Wells has a new explanation of the circumstance each week. (It needs an explanation, since in the city house owners are eager to placard vacant property with sign on sign until its rental or sale is accomplished.) The last elucidation the office listened to was to the effect that the occupants of the second house are the owners of both; that on the marriage of an only child they built the now empty house as a bridal gift; that a sudden illness resulted in the death of the child (Miss Wells won't state, as yet, whether son or daughter) before the house had ever been occupied; and that it stands vacant, a monument of their grief. Of course the basis for the story lies only in the fertile brain of our assistant editor, but if she advances the theory many more times, it won't be long before she believes it herself. The house, although large and roomy, is not specially attractive, although a little fresh paint would probably add to its beauty; but the garden is a joy forever. Miss Wells insists there is not its counterpart in Chicago, and since it has no visible owner, she styles it with daily increasing assurance, "My Garden." It's a medley of old-fashioned flowers, but so excellently selected that from the first breath of spring until the final grip of frost it is a succession of varying bloom. Each month (Miss Wells says *each week*, and with slight encouragement would, we are sure, add *each day*) has its own peculiar wealth of bloom and fragrance, and just when it seems the list has been run through, out bursts a new glory to lend beauty to the green shade of shrub and tree. There are no set beds—a carpet here of tulips in the spring beneath lilac bushes which later swing their purple fragrance in the air, a wealth of honeysuckle, a mass of spiderwort, a tall array of sentinel hol-

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lyhocks, elder blossoms spreading their white fans in the sun, wild roses, bitter almonds—a beautiful profusion and a changing joy. At first Miss Wells spoke of house and garden as a feature in the landscape, but we noted daily an increasing change in her manner of expression until finally one morning she announced quite calmly that wild roses were blooming in HER garden. Since then the pronoun has become a fixed habit. She speaks of MY house, and MY garden with an intimate delight. At present she has arrived at the point where she has selected the front room in the second story as "HER" room, and we note daily a tendency to parcel out the rest of the house in accordance with her own idea of *where* and *what* the rooms ought to be. A dead tree was cut down this summer and carted away, to Miss Wells' expressed indignation. We forgot to state that the grass is kept in perfect order, and the rolling green surface of the yard with its fringes and splotches of bloom, its tall trees and fragrant bushes, is well weeded, dug and watered. But Miss Wells has never yet detected anybody at work. She has decided, however, that of course the father and mother (Southern, by the way, according to her declaration) arrange for the proper care of the grounds. Don't be at all surprised if some day we announce that The New Thought Publishing Company has removed its office to a big two-story plaster and frame house on the North side of the city, that Miss Wells' editorial office is on the second floor over the front door, and that OUR garden is wafting perfume through every window. For this *may* be the sequel; who knows?

* * *

Good news! The best there is. At last New Thought has been admitted to second-class privileges, and the December issue marks the new departure. This means—well, it means so much that we won't try to do justice to the subject. It cuts down our expenses very considerably, as you all know, a very desirable feature at this time, when we've just slashed off half our income with the reduction in subscription price. And it makes probable an increase in the size of the magazine, the addition of some new contributors and many other good things too numerous to mention. Our subscribers will get the benefit of every dollar saved, and the saving amounts to several thousand dollars a year!

* * *

R. F. Outcalt ("Buster Brown's Papa") visited Chicago recently on a lecture tour, or, more correctly speaking, a story-telling tour, for the hours of his public appearance were filled with an overlapping chain of "good stories." We'd like to quote some

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here, but we don't want to take the edge off the real thing for those who may have a chance to hear Mr. Outcault lecture. An Outcault story ceases to be an Outcault story when anybody else tells it. The children were in spasms of delight, and the grown folks kept well up with the procession. Miss Wells says that in her dreams she can still hear a small girl in red ejaculating in helpless mirth, between the doublings up which followed each story or cartoon, "Oh, Guh-racious! Oh, Guh-racious!" We feel a great temptation to tell you the story of the Jewess who was cured by Christian Science, of the cross-eyed man with St. Vitus' dance who wanted to be an elocutionist, of the "mouse-hound," etc., but we forbear.

* * *

A SMALL SERMON.

You's got to quit yoh foolin' if you wants to git ahead.

You's got to quit regrettin' 'bout de chances dat is fled,

An' hopin' dat de future gwine to be so sweet an' grand

You's sure to grab de prizes without reachin' out yoh hand.

De butterfly is han'some jes' as long as he's alive,

But Homely Mistuh Bee done got de honey in de hive.

De leaves will sure be drappin' an' de wind is boun' to blow.

You wants to quit yoh foolin' or you won't stand any show.

It's mighty sweet to hear de bird a-singin' f'um de tree,

But, son, you isn't any bird an' never gwine to be.

An' when de air is bitin' an' de frost is shinin' white,

You can't git up an' fly to whah de sky is blue an' bright.

It's hahd to keep f'um dancin' when you hears de music play,

But de man dat sticks to walkin' makes de progress on de way.

You may have uncommon smartness; folks may call you brave an' strong,

But you got to quit yoh foolin' if you specks to git along.

—From the Washington Star.

* * *

Have you seen "The Walt Whitman New Thought Calendar?" We have. One hangs by Miss Wells' desk, its dainty coloring and neat "ensemble" forming a pleasant patch on the wall. William Towne has produced a very attractive Christmas gift at a very low price (25 cents) and the sentiments which grace the pages of the Calendar are jewels of philosophy. Any friend might be glad to be remembered in this charming way at Christmas tide,

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Would you like a friend to read this issue of **NEW THOUGHT**? Send us a two-cent stamp and we'll mail a copy for you.

We took the trouble also to examine the Duchesse Lace stocks, the work of the Belgian looms, advertised by H. M. Berry in our pages. Miss Wells says they are great bargains; that she paid \$2.50 for a similar stock this summer. The designs are very pretty and the opportunity an *exceptional* one. It's certainly the best \$1 Christmas gift one could find anywhere. Miss Wells purchased several herself for "home consumption" and holiday giving, and seems elated over her bargain.

* * *

We hope our readers may become better acquainted with Ardria Gertrude Miner, another of our advertisers. She is a charming, clever little woman who has carved out a unique place for herself and is filling it to perfection. Do you know what a Corset Expert is? Well, *she's It!* To the sex that wears corsets Miss Miner brings perfection of fit and style without injury to health. Julia Marlowe wears the corsets Miss Miner sells and fits. She's an enterprising little woman with an eye for bargains, and long in advance of the Christmas season she was far-sighted enough to arrange with an importer for a special stock of silk hose. Result—she offers at \$2.00 what Marshall Field sells for \$2.50 and \$3.00. We are glad to say a word for Miss Miner's goods, another for herself, and still another for good measure. Write her.

* * *

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Then there are other contributors who are greatly enjoyed. In November and December numbers will appear two timely papers by Charlotte Martindell, on "Child Development." And with the December number begins a series of articles of vital importance to every student of life, by Ella Adelia Fletcher, author of "The Woman Beautiful." Miss Fletcher's articles deal with the subject of "Breath and Life," which she has investigated for years, both in study and in personal experiment.

The subscription price of *The Nautilus* is only 50 cents a year; and if you order **NOW** the publisher will send you the rest of this year's numbers and all 1906—15 months for 50 cents. Or you can have a four months' trial subscription for 10 cents. Send direct to **ELIZABETH TOWNE, Box 1012, Holyo Mass.**

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